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INVITATION.

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
—E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

EXPULSION OF
The announcer
stallion Commo
had been exiling to you and to me.
Come, for my boat is in waiting,
Rocked on the swift-flowing tide;
Let us loose sail, love, together
Over the bright waters glide.

waves are dimpling and laughing,
es of a bright Summer sea;
is smiling in beauty,

See how the foam-fancies sparkle—
Sparkle and swift glide away—
Beaten from off of our prow, love,
Into a cloudlet of spray:
Silvery showers in the sunshine,
Mists on the bright morning sky,
Summer sails with us in beauty,
Swiftly its moments pass by.

Slacken the sheet for a little,
Let us drift outward to sea;
Up on the weather the land is,
Ocean is under our lee.
All of the world in this boat, dear!
All that I cherish and hold!
Framed in the frame of your hair, sweet,
Set in a circle of gold.

Let us sail onward together—
Sail through the day and the night,
Sail through the storm and the sunshine,
Steering through darkness to light.
Drape the fair head on my shoulder,
Falls the bright curls on my breast?
Ah, I have entered my harbor,
This is my haven of rest!

ROSE:

THE SPLENDORS AND MISERIES OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

Translated for The New York Clipper from the French of Edouard Cadol.

CHAPTER I.
A LITERARY FUNERAL.

There could be read in the various morning journals of the date upon which our narrative commences as follows:

This day at ten o'clock, *sharp*, will take place at the Church of Saint Martin, in the Marais, the burial of our lamented colleague Jean Baptist Augustin Casmuel, known in literature and the drama under the pseudonym of Agenor des Aulnoles. The Dramatic Authors' Society, of which he was one of the founders with Scribe, Meiseville, and many others, have done themselves the honor of assuming charge of the funeral of their distinguished associate. We, despite his past successes, died in a condition bordering upon indigence, forgotten by his contemporaries. Many discourses will be pronounced over his tomb, notably, it is almost necessary to mention, by Baron Taylor, to be succeeded by other representatives of literary societies, honored through Des Aulnoles' membership. Finally, to conclude the ceremony, Mr. George Jouffroy, the fortunate and sympathetic author of the comedy crowned by the Academy, "The Old Folks" (which, let us observe parenthetically, realized last evening 3,076 francs after 171 representations!—that is, should we be correctly informed), will deliver an address in the name of the Dramatic Authors' Society, of which he was elected consul for the last general assembly. It is well that the *young folk* render homage to their predecessors, and it is not without a certain curiosity that we await the address of this fresh celebrity, who, at the very outstart, has assumed a place by the side of Dumas, Barriere and Sardou. The orator will doubtless soar above the moral writer.

In another portion of the paper could be likewise read:

The Theatre Joufroy is in full blast. The energetic and intelligent manager of the new hall, erected upon site of the old Cafe Mulhouse, Monsieur Francis Florquinet, has secured possession of the play, just finished by the already celebrated, although youthful, George La Trefailles. We are unable at this moment to divulge for our readers' delectation the subject of this new work, yet trust that our discretion will be imitated by certain less scrupulous contemporaries when we state that this later work will be in every way worthy of "The Old Folks" and of its sympathetic author.

Finally, among items of gossip we have:

"A witticism of La Trefailles.

"
"
"
"Comment is unnecessary, is it not?"

Nevertheless, the sympathetic and fortunate author of "The Old Folks" found himself out of place in delivering a discourse over the grave of that "distinguished associate," whom he had neither seen nor known, and concerning whom he as little cared as he did for the man in the moon. Hence came it that, without perusal of the morning papers, the new author distrusted that "certain curiosity" with which his discourse was awaited. Whatever may be the consideration awarded him, he was not unaware that "the laurel attracts envy," according to Pythagoras' aphorism. Perchance there might be among his auditory more than one agreeable comrade disposed for fault-finding and quite ready to hawk abroad news of a failure. This Des Aulnoles stood in need of death, and, for all he cared, it came not too soon—that is to say, it should have occurred before George became a member of the Authors' Society, with the secondary honor of delivering his funeral oration. At the bottom of his heart he consigned the deceased to the devil, while struggling amid sonorous substantives and diving into the mysteries of "The Dictionary of Synonyms," to find that he feared he could not. The draft had been completed since three in the morning, after finishing which he exclaimed:

"In faith, this reads well enough, all this to-do about an old gouty scribbler!"

And then he bethought of assistance in his composition. Among his colleagues in the society there should be journalists. Effect was absolutely necessary. Consequently, was there in reality adequate effect in those four pages?

Enveloped in a garnet-colored cashmere dressing-gown, his feet in Turkish slippers, he read and reread his discourse mechanically, and, discovering it to be replete with platitudes, fell into a bad humor and considered the unfortunate Des Aulnoles in the light of a bore.

Upon the mantelpiece a cup of vanilla chocolate was growing cold. Half-past eight struck. It was time to think about dressing, which ever occupied considerable leisure. Again, it was a good distance from the end of the Rue de Bourgogne, where he inhabited a small villa, to the Church of St. Martin, in the Marais. True, a cab-stand was near at hand.

"Ah! so much the worse," he ejaculated, adding an *s* to a plural, then wanting. "The making of an indifferent funeral discourse does not prevent concoction of good comedies. I laugh at the affair."

Nevertheless, he did not laugh; he even perceived a newer and better way of composing an oration of this character; but time was lacking, and he consoled himself in advance for the rebuff he anticipated.

He swallowed at a draught the forgotten chocolate, and was upon the point of summoning his servant, when the door opened.

"Ah! 'tis you!" he said to the newcomer, with unequivocal satisfaction. "Well, be seated and listen."

"Your discourse?"

"Yes."

"I came for that. Wait a moment."

The new arrival took off his hat and overcoat hurriedly. Then, assuming a seat, he lent an attentive ear, simply remarking:

"Go ahead."

However, bear in mind that he had not the shadow of authority to adjudicate upon the value of such a composition, and do not imagine that his opinion amounted to aught. George did nothing but read, through necessity, in a loud tone—a necessity imperative upon a majority of writers—and he perfectly knew his auditor, who failed not to exclaim, at the termination of each sentence:

"Superb!"

He was too complacent to do otherwise. It was for the reason that the author had done him the distinguished honor of publicly recognizing him as "my friend," and hence he transformed himself into a sort of honorary trumpeter, a sworn applauder, and by these means sought to assume a position in society. Who is he? whence comes he? what does he want? A single word answered peremptorily:

"He is La Trefailles' friend."

Many persons with regular incomes follow no profession; others, again, cannot boast so authentic a diploma. This individual, at least, was one of those begging parasites of an indiscreet tribe; he was but a satellite of the minutest order, simply tolerated from the reflection his opacity borrowed within a restricted orbit. In fact, this burley fellow, called Philippin Lubœuf, could only maintain his individuality (whatever it might be, it is true) through fidelity to his associates. Son of a commission merchant, founder of the house of Lubœuf, Tripoul, Casser & Co., selling on consignments—a sort of loaning concern, or species of mercantile pawnbrokers—he enjoyed a facility accorded him, as to all other children of self-enriched men, to play *baccarat* and ruin himself in devotion to young ladies. But no! his inclinations did not run in that direction; he admired artists, and his predilection for them led him to place some under obligations to him. With an elementary education—of which, it must be admitted, he had not availed himself as much as was desirable—and tormented with that instinct common to us all for acquiring some particular notoriety, he conceived the idea of planting himself in the shadow of a prominent celebrity. In default of the power of accomplishing anything, he could at least appear as somebody. In fact, already in the "all Paris" of the theatres, and of letters, the presence of the stout Philippin had not escaped notice. Did there occur a "first night," a general rehearsal, a distinguished interment—in a word, any "festival of intellect"—no reporter slighted him; but, adding these words: "Philippin Lubœuf, friend to the young and sympathetic author of 'The Old Folks,'" made a taking line, and, according to the price paid for the article, the reporter was in return under obligations to him. To speak the truth, his name never headed a column; still, among the "we have already remarked, etc.," it was never placed too near the end; in every case, it figured long before the photographs. Now, mark you, that is a something not within reach of every parvenu, which neither money nor ancestry can purchase. And, moreover, he was admitted behind the scenes, and even actors gossiped familiarly with him, and he himself, in his turn, was individually gifted with notoriety; his mistress was no longer a certain Frivolette—she was "the mistress of Philippin I". He set a value upon himself. Still, what was this society to him? Worthy matrons regarded him almost as an eagle, and, for fear that he might refuse an invitation, they prefaced his coming with as much importance as if he had been a Japanese ambassador. Once established as an invited guest, he held it as an injury not to be drawn into making mention of his friend La Trefailles. Moreover, he never failed so to do. He described him morally and physically, narrating the peculiarities of his private life, his manner of working, giving it to be understood that his friend had no secrets from him. Among intimate acquaintances he pressed matters further, betraying the more thoughtless intentions of his Pylades, his eccentricities, his weaknesses. He declared himself annoyed at them, and it could be plainly perceived that these indiscretions were the effect of amicable pre-occupations in the devoted heart of a faithful man assuming the mission of reforming the minor faults of a demigod.

"He must marry!" quoth he, and his genius expanded in a dazzling brilliancy.

Thereupon, with a circumspect smile, denoting the measure of his influence over the great man, he added:

"I will accomplish it."

At his domestic hearthside Philippin was regarded as an oracle. Pere Lubœuf accepted, in time, his son as La Trefailles in person. All that he learned concerning the author was received at second-hand, slightly exaggerated, and justly, giving him to understand that, by his advice or otherwise, Philippin amounted to something in connection with the labors of the young and sympathetic author of "The Old Folks;" consequently, the son was not justified in speaking in his father's presence of this great dramatic author. When enthusiasm waned upon hearing the man's eulogies, he replied disdainfully:

"I have no wit, no education, but I have common sense and correct sight. Well, your Mr. Thingamy is not worth the snap of my finger."

That was his opinion.

Alone, within the household, Philippin's sister, Mademoiselle Aglae Lubœuf, was comparatively modified as to enthusiasm. She could be excused from the fact that young ladies were interdicted perusal of La Trefailles' works, and she could not appreciate their lofty taste. On that account Papa Lubœuf had slightly quarreled with her, pretending, with color of justice—for it is thus written everywhere—that genius beams from the countenance of greatness. Consequently, twenty times La Trefailles designed to dine with them. Moreover, the father had taken the trouble to relate, duly disguised, to his daughter the subject-matter of the principal works of their distinguished friend. Nevertheless, whether the ex-commission merchant had drawn his dialogue too closely on that of its clearness of expression, the young girl remained without an approximate idea as to the real meaning of these *chefs d'œuvres*. And, moreover, to speak the whole truth, Aglae had, as a half orphan, been educated in a convent, and this circumstance only of studies under religious instructors does not tend, I presume, towards inspiring young pupils with a blind admiration of inventors of romances and comedies. Therein, perchance, consisted one reason for the above-named indifference with which she regarded the celebrated author of "The Old Folks." In fine, from the racy conversation of strangers, discoursing upon his merits, she had gleaned expressions touching his writings and habits not calculated to stimulate excessive sympathy in a young lady. However curious society may be with regard to celebrities, curiosity does not generally, in their behalf, assume a tender character. On the contrary, oftentimes and while forming a circle around Philippin to learn whether La Trefailles cut his quills, used tracing-paper, or performed other details of similar importance, family friends titled both father and son for exhibiting too much warmth concerning "a gentleman, who, after all, had only achieved a first success." To sum up, the sentiments of the girl towards the celebrated author originated in a very calm and persistent indifference, despite—or possibly on account of—her parent's enthusiasm. Still, perchance, this negative impression may have changed into a certain terror, had she imagined the hopes cherished by her brother, who never broached upon nothing short of her marriage with his illustrious friend. She entertained no suspicion, fortunately, of that which permitted her to dwell in peace. Still it is to be presumed that the indefatigable Philippin prosecuted his endeavors; for, while exclaiming: "I will accomplish it!" his countenance lighted up with a perceptible smile.

It is readily to be imagined that, with such inclinations, Philippin had no need of exertion to pronounce as "superb" the productions of George. It was his standing expression, and he failed not to employ it upon the termination of the funeral discourse.

"Think you so in all sincerity?"

"It is curious," rejoined the merchant's son, with a show of simplicity sufficient to conceal embarrassment at his inability to give reasons for his decision. "I say it is superb, and I'll take nothing back. It is superb—that is the long and short of it."

George, after all, desired no better opinion. And, moreover, if this overgrown boy did not possess a cultivated taste, or had received but imperfect education, he might, perchance, be gifted with "good common sense," upon which hook a good number of our fellow-citizens hang consolation. George bent to and thanked him.

"He is the public," he said to himself.

Things being in this wise arranged for the benefit of society, George had nothing further to do than to dress himself and start.

"By-the-by," at the moment observed Philippin, "how about those two women waiting for you in your study?"

"I had forgotten them," responded George.

"Who are they?"

"Little Rose Varnel and her aunt. A type, that aunt! They have come to ask me for a part. Still, inasmuch as there is none in my piece for the little one, whom I do not know, think you I am to compromise my opportunity to afford her pleasure? That Elliot Florquinet has a mania for engaging little girls he wants to make something of, who, after all, do nothing but fall upon authors' shoulders. Try and get rid of them; I have no time to receive them."

"That's bad," remarked Philippin; "the little one is really good-looking."

"True! do you find her so?" inquired his illustrious friend, who had already half-opened the door of his toilet chamber. Then, changing his resolution in consequence of the suspicion conveyed by tainted with libertinism, which awakens attention to the women our friends declare to be to their liking, he continued:

"Bah! it is only a matter of five minutes. I must be polite. Let them come in."

Philippin, shrugging his shoulders, as is the way with overgrown urchins sportively disposed, opened the study-door and invited the suppliants to enter, while George, with a glance at the looking-glass, ran his fingers through his hair. Two persons appeared—the one old, the other young. The latter, plainly clad, visibly intimidated, produced upon George the effect of a deception.

"No vim," he thought.

Upon this, advancing towards the two females, he excused himself, with the intention of requesting them to communicate to Philippin, "his second self." But the human heart boasts of singular trivialities. The "really good-looking" of his friend reverted to his memory. While discovering the appreciation to be overflattering, and disdaining the object of its application, he did not desire Philippin to profit by the opportunity. Like the dog in the manger, the young and sympathetic author of "The Old Folks" found it to be more convenient to dismiss his visitors in person.

The necessity for dressing in order to bestow final honors upon "the poor Des Aulnoles" was for him, and to them it appeared, an adequate excuse. He solicited another call, while protesting the best intentions. They retired. And Philippin, "his third second self"—a definition he accepted—felt himself slightly chilled. But the intimacy of a great man is not ever laden with joys, and he must sustain some reverses.

George had some reason for saying "no vim," for the young girl was nothing, save reputable and reserved. Her countenance had a reflective and confident expression, denoting a frankness not exempt from dignity; it was the expression of good faith. Her forehead, high and broad, was framed with dark hair, almost black, contrasting clearly with the fresh whiteness of her skin. Her eyes, likewise black, looked forth steadily and deeply, as with a trustful and direct purpose, excluding afterthought. In fine, her countenance, as a whole, possessed a firm and rather serious character, easily modified into a cloud of expressions, refined and varied, even to the amiable blandishment of infantile gayety. The predominating feature was, when, ceasing to listen, Rose ashamed herself by degrees in her answers, delivered in a somewhat artificial voice, still more harmonious and penetrating; there appeared an I-know-not-what, demonstrating her intelligence to be above the ordinary level. She was, in fact, singularly gifted in this respect, and her exquisite sensibility—a little heightened, moreover, by the nature of her studies—betrayed itself at times in a tenderness of look, seeming to moisten the eyeball.

Orphan through the death of both parents, modest venders of tobacco, Rose found herself, at the age of fourteen, possessor of an income of eighteen hundred francs annually. Of her family there only remained an aged aunt—the Widow Varnel, formerly wife of her father's brother—a relative through marriage, unable to do aught for her. This good body, knowing scarcely how to read the newspapers, to write expenses and to count upon her fingers, had expended her existence in mending laces for the dowagers of the Faubourg St. Germain. That work, in those days, constituted a profession, for there are still ladies preserving the heirlooms in laces, as well as the diamonds, of their grandmothers. To-day it is no longer the case. Stores with millions of capital sell old lace *brand-new* at so low a price that the genuine article is scarcely good enough to donate to ladies' maids, who have enough to do besides repairing laces.

The two isolated beings, brought together, and very naturally, without restriction or contact, had determined upon living in common. During six years heretofore they had maintained themselves upon Rose's income, and not a cloud of dispute had arisen between them. That it was thus might otherwise have been difficult; but despite the difference in ages, which appeared to bestow the direction of affairs upon the most experienced female, the elder had, on the contrary, no will of her own. Whether or not of the same opinion with her niece, she preserved full liberty of entire self-appreciation, while never endeavoring to impose her own ideas upon the latter. Far from that, once, when she said "You are wrong," she acted as if she had thought "You are right." And this without reserve, repugnance or idle talk, making an effort rather to insure the success of that of which she did not approve, while feeling herself in the wrong, she find it better to follow her own inclinations. It was scarcely to be anticipated that the good soul, after a reverse, foreseen by her, might not allow herself to remark without bitterness or a spice of ill-humor: "I told you so."

Her antecedents, her prejudices, her very character, worked contrary to the young girl's project of adopting the theatrical profession. Upon this point alone the worthy woman had remonstrated once or twice, but without success. She said that, compared to her niece to the house of a journalist, whose assistance they invoked, when the writer, enumerating the difficulties, inquired of the young girl whether she was possessed of means adequate for sustenance during a certain period of waiting, the widow responded:

"Eighteen hundred francs, and with that we would be well able to furnish a little haberdashery, and thereby to live like Christian beings."

Perceiving at once that fantastic Bohemian privation diverting to youth, but that sad and cold misery invading imprudent mediocrity when the fiftieth year is reached. To privation mortification was added. His proffered plays were not even read. Why read them, since Papa des Aulnoles?—not worth the trouble! A box-doorkeeper caused him to repeat his name to permit of his entry into a theatre where his pieces had been represented, and he was asked by what right he demanded free admission. Trivialities again, but this time painful, and such that, after a threatened revolt, he was necessitated to solicit assistance from the society of which he had been one of the illustrious founders in the olden time—that of the "great epoch." And finally, of all this blustering glory, these successes, these proportionate gains, what remains? At this present hour, some biographical notices in the newspapers, and La Trefailles' discourse. But on the morrow? Nothing!

Rarely, however frequent the occurrence, does the public know what pains and what special society in which we are engrossed still, more exceptionally. Rose, moreover, was too young, too infatuated, too excitable to reflect on all these topics. Already for two years she had labored incessantly, following her course of reading and taking private instructions from distinguished comedians. To exercise herself she had played in the environs of Paris for the benefit of actors, producing entertainments designated as *parties*. Still more frequently she assisted in performances given upon the occasion of the patronal festivity of some country town, when a theatre was improvised, and in such a fashion!

One night a *partie* was given in the hall of the Tour d'Auvergne by a provincial actress desiring a Parisian engagement, at which Rose played in "The Romance of an Hour," a classical piece for that description of performances. Francis Florquinet, whose theatre had not as yet been completed, chanced to be present, struck from the outset by the young girl possessed a harmonious voice, supple and sympathetic. At the termination of the performance he proposed engaging her for his company at the Theatre Jouffroy with a salary of one hundred francs per month. A moment before the appearance of provincial managers had offered her six times that amount to appear at a theatre in Rouen. Rose hesitated not; she would have played gratuitously in Paris. The provinces and foreign countries rank no higher than as a fatiguing purgatory for estimable dramatic artists. Of what account are triumphs, ovations, flowers, money, at Bordeaux, Brussels or St. Petersburg? Of what account an auditory of grand dukes, princes, and czars? That which is of value are the approving murmurs of a Parisian audience, the bravo of the sallow spectator of the Ambigu, the encores of the *claque*, endorsed by the hearty applause of the Jockey Club. Consequently, Rose signed articles with alacrity. Still she was a victim to illusion. The agreement set forth, in various phrases, her obligation to "double" the chief parts in her line, and it was improbable that opportunity would be afforded to realize some important conception. Still again, what mattered it? She was on the breach in Paris, and good luck might, perhaps, secure her an appearance and a chance for making an impression. Upon this hope she based her resolution. Unfortunately, an entire year transpired without the shadow of an opportunity presenting itself. She had rehearsed certain parts, yet never, even on the meanest occasion, had she appeared at night before the public. Furthermore, fresh engagements were forced her to the rear, and not even were parts in pieces then performing entrusted to her "doubling." Was she, then, to waste two full years without making a debut? At certain times her heart was overcast; still, despite all that her aunt could say—and in her spiritual jurisdiction her aunt perpetually cherished the project for a haberdashery—the young girl was in no wise discouraged.

Such as she was, and in a condition in no way provocative of envy, she required the esteem of her companions, who advised her to solicit the assistance of authors. She did so, and thereby obtained promises, compliments and courtesies more or less disinterested; but that was all.

Then a new sensation dawned; the energetic and intelligent Florquinet had been assured of a new piece by La Trefailles. Rose reflected that it was all-important for her to obtain the leading role for her to "double," without which she may as well cancel her articles and turn her face towards other quarters. Actuated by this impression, and restraining her emotions, she had presented herself that very morning at the house of the author of "The Old Folks." We have seen how the poor girl had again been the sport of misfortune.

In the street, returning homeward, she was troubled by confused fears. And the aunt felt so disconsolate that she was sufficiently generous not to allude, according to habit, to the subject of the haberdashery. To tell the truth, she would have gained nothing from it, inasmuch as her niece's disappointment had so little unsettled her resolution that she determined to return to the charge, trusting to fare better at another time. In fact, why not? George had received her well. And, thanks to the prestige exercised by him over her, Rose persuaded herself that there was nothing commonplace in the young man's affability.

"For my part," said the Widow Varnel, "if I were in your place, I would try and speak to that stout, good-natured fellow who was with him."

"Monsieur Philippin?" inquired Rose reflectively.

"Yes," added the good-woman. "He has not a bad-looking countenance, and may be serviceable, for they say he exerts a strong influence over his friend."

"OUR JIM" AT THE CENTENNIAL.
His Contributions to the Art Gallery.

"You are right," replied the young girl; "I will speak to him."

At this moment a coupe rolled past them at full speed. Rose recognized the celebrated author. George recognized her on his part, and with a gesture, affectedly patronizing, saluted as he passed along. Rose's blood mounted to her temples; her satisfaction was excessive. Proportionately, the young man created a further impression. In her estimation he was the man of the hour, the divinity of the day. Her eyes followed the coupe until out of sight, nursing a dream full of strange hopes, enchanting her imagination.

"He thinks, perchance, of me," she murmured to herself.

He was engaged in thought at the moment of making the salutation.

"You are a connoisseur," quote he to Philippin; "she is quite an interesting girl. Does she please you?"

"How? what?" responded Philippin.

Despite his inferiority, the young man comprehended that to persist further would merely educate his friend towards occupying his thoughts with respect to the young girl. And, instinctively, Philippin desired to avoid such an interest in her behalf. An intimacy with her appeared to him objectless for his friend, and rather compromising. When one is a La Trefailles, charge should not be assumed of damsels of her condition. In fact, what was she? A mere "double." And, moreover, Philippin found her wholly to his own taste. Bewitching her day of success, and internally:

"My Heavens! who knows?—chance may do it!"

Without other and further fixed idea, he admired her so strongly that he vowed that George should not become an obstacle when opportunity presented. With more or less tact, he changed the subject of conversation, and the coupe, following its course, shortly arrived within sight of the Rue des Marais.

The approaches to the little church were filled by a compact crowd. The roadway, as well as the sidewalks, was literally encumbered with people, unable to penetrate within the edifice. To speak honestly, they did not appear in deep affliction; all smoked very vigorously, and as each newcomer arrived he received, upon descending from his carriage, friendly, and at times rasping hands. Nothing could be seen but countenances of familiar acquaintance even in the distance—countenances beaming with affable smiles at mutual recognition. Groups formed around personages of local celebrity. Once more pointed out was the celebrated author, theatrical manager, an art critic, or a leading actor for whom authors labored without troubling themselves with respect to the theatre, where he would bring forth their productions. Politicians, literary men, elderly women, journalists, old maids, aspirants for notoriety, all were there upon neutral ground, jostling amid the confusion. They discussed the new play, the engagement of some actress and the bankruptcy of a musical director. Witticisms abounded, applauded by approving looks or subdued laughter; while reporters took notes, and more than one endeavored to find food for a sensational article. The only topic not engrossing personal attention was precisely the unfortunate Des Aulnoles, from whom, after being solemnized within the interior of the church with music of the first order, the Opera having contributed two of its prominent luminaries, while the organ was presided over by a professor from the Conservatory, given upon the occasion of the patronal festivity of some country town, when a theatre was improvised, and in such a fashion!

"Ah, George!" exclaimed Florquinet, accosting his author, "come with me."

"I have a vehicle," George replied.

"My dear fellow, I want to talk with you—come into mine," insisted the manager of the Theatre Jouffroy.

Philippin felt ill at ease. He did not admire this absorption of *his* La Trefailles, and, moreover, he had a presentiment that he would be left in solitary grandeur. In truth, there appeared none overanxious to accommodate him with their company. Each recompensed him with a pretext. With La Trefailles all was well. Still, without La Trefailles, what was to be done? Any actor on foot and momentarily out of an engagement might, perchance, have consented willingly; but, in case a reporter took a fancy to analyze the composition of each carriage load—and who knows but that he might?—it was not appropriate that Philippin, ordinarily flanked by the "man of the day," should be found in company with a wretched comedian. It was preferable to go alone, although, to speak frankly, that was somewhat mortifying. Consequently, he entertained a slight animosity against his friend, and discovered Florquinet to be a younger son, very badly brought up.

After moving several paces he found himself face to face with Rose and her aunt. They had only just arrived.

"All is finished," he said to them; "but, should you desire to go to the cemetery, there is room in George's carriage."

To assume a seat with Rose would not obviate the inconvenience of being in company with obscure and ordinary persons; still, it afforded Philippin a species of compensation in respect to his vague intentions towards the girl. As for her, to ascend into La Trefailles' carriage was a consideration sufficient to decide her. She accepted, although it was not the original intention of the two women to go farther than the church.

Behind the bier was a prodigious train of vehicles, arresting the passage of carts and exciting the curiosity of passers-by. The shopkeeper at his counter ceased serving his customer, and both hurried to the threshold of the door to admire—what? Nobody knew. Some believed it to be the burial of a high functionary. Others inclined towards that of a banker. All would have been surprised to learn that that disarraying of so many people was on nothing save the interment of an author—of that worthy Des Aulnoles who had caused the grandparents of the youngest spectators to laugh heartily. However, from each carriage-door escaped a murmur of voices, not overmelancholy, commingled with light-blue clouds from high-flavored regalias. In fact, none appeared to find time hang heavily on their hands. In Florquinet's carriage they seemed especially to have forgotten the object of the ceremony. Their countenances were at least blooming. The manager of the Theatre Jouffroy and George had been joined by one of those scenic artists without whose designs it would have been impossible to have produced an operetta; and also by a fabricator of melodramas, who with rare foresight had accepted the functions of censor—an agreeable fellow! The conversation, commencing upon the deceased, honored for the moment, had passed to expressions of regret, rather commonplace—to reminiscences of the good days of the dead dramatist. He had been a merry wag in his time, with a laugh on the tip of his tongue. In the first place, they related some specimens of wit prevalent at the period; then, that budget being emptied, they recollected others and of a lighter character. They were but men at the best, and soon were retailing anecdotes, spiced to scandalize the Abbe de Grecourt. It is not to be supposed that in the nearer carriages greater propriety prevailed, for it required no eyeglass to hear, as a species of echo, roars of laughter.

"I have never witnessed a more amusing burial," observed the scenic artist.

At last they reached the cemetery. A further place of time was needed to finish the religious ceremonies. Subsequently, upon the withdrawal of the priest, Baron Taylor commenced his remarks.

With feet upon the mud of graves freshly heaped, scrambling among tombstones, a motley crowd lent their ears to the speaker with more or less success. Still but moderate interest manifested itself. The succeeding speaker better satisfied the audience, thanks to his powerful and ringing voice, penetrating to the outer edge of the circle. When he had terminated, a movement of curiosity was apparent. The crowd assumed a compact body, and the better placed could perceive the young and sympathetic author of "The Old Folks" advance a pace, a document in his hand. By a singular fatality, otherwise not deranging the programme, the fine rain, falling a few moments previously, became suddenly an abundant shower, while a west wind beat violently upon the exposed countenances.

Notwithstanding none moved from their places, still more than a hundred umbrellas, raised aloft above their owners' heads, expanded themselves, hooking the noses of bystanders in their ascension. Numberless hats, up to that time held respectfully in midair, were replanted upon the mourners' brows, and bald pates alone remained uncovered by this sort of coquetry. The unfortunate George, blinded by the rain, holding his hat as a reservoir, as we washed away the ink of his discourse, let copious exclamation points swelling with the damp into huge black blisters. A bystander approached and covered him with an umbrella in a dilapidated condition and of a lamentable hue. The orator thanked him in a tone amid a general low tone and, picking up from the ground at his feet a sheet carried away by the wind, cast upon his auditory a glance, seemingly to say:

"I am here."

All these pitiful incidents, these unforeseen obstacles, this rain, the entire mummery, called solemn, testified more strongly than at preceding moments to a perfect indifference for the dead. Perceptibly, were it not that the discourse would have to be delivered, and the newspapers would report on the morrow "As we have before remarked," a majority of those exposed to drenching by the rain of heaven would have submitted to no such inconvenience.

At a distance, and as if ashamed of appearing embarrassed, in an intrusive attitude stood a group composed of an aged man, a woman, her hair tinged with gray, and two good-sized boys—the four clad in mourning. It was the family of old Des Aulnoles: his father, an octogenarian, who gambol about joyfully. Occasionally, however, the claw is entrapped, and the victim dragged with the rapidity of lightning beneath the water, and the whole troupe disperse, groaning and shrieking. The misadventure does not, however, prevent their recommencing the game a few days afterward."

IN THIS CITY, at present, there is a great demand for strawberries, and no supply, and a large supply of poll-tax receipts, and no demand. It's the way of the world. People crave things that they cannot get, and disdain things which are easily procured. Because strawberries come from a distance, everybody rushes to buy them; and here are poll-tax receipts growing at our very doors, and selling at the low rate of 34 apiece, and nobody wants them.—*Austin* (Nev.) *Reveille.*

A MAN HATH RICHES. Whence come they and whither go they? For this they are to form a judgment of the esteem which they and their possessors deserve. It they have been acquired by fraud and violence, if they make him proud and vain, if they minister to luxury and intemperance, if they are avariciously hoarded up and applied to no proper use, the possessor becomes odious and contemptible. —*Bishop Jortin.*

GO, ROSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Go, rose;
Supremely thou art blest;
To-night my love will place thee
Upon her dainty breast;
Tossed, as upon a billow,
With every breath and sigh,
Drunk with delicious ecstasy
Thou will die!

Go, rose,
So fresh and sweet and fair;
O take this kiss I give thee;
And place it for me there!
Dear rose! how I do envy thee,
For oh, how happy I,
If, like thee, on her bosom
I might die!

J. H. B.

THE PHANTOM PACK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CELIA LOGAN.

Julio Levanti was a high-flown name for a clown, particularly for such a sottish, dirt-begrimed fellow as he was; but nobody ever thought of calling him anything but Jule, except on the bills. Some of his pals called him "the old man," although he was only forty-five. No doubt that in his youth he had been a remarkably handsome man, for, notwithstanding his dissipation, traces of great manly beauty were still visible. He was tall and splendidly built, and on the few occasions when he was sober and freshened himself up, as he would only when we were entering a new town, the company laughingly said he looked more like an English lord than a clown. That he was English we knew from his accent, but we could never inveigle him into talking of himself except when he was maudlin drunk—he was never merry in his cups—he would say with streaming eyes that he "was alone in the world." When he came to the stage of intoxication indicated by this remark the boys usually left him to indulge whatever private grief he had alone.

He had been with us a good many seasons, going from bad to worse, when one Summer it became plain that if he didn't pull up he would be discharged as incapable of attending to business, and Dowling and I undertook to remonstrate with him. It was a lovely, mellow night in June, that, after the performance, we persuaded him to go up to the room which Dowling and I occupied together.

Of course we had a little liquor, but to our surprise Jule drank very sparingly, and seemed plunged in melancholy. Yet he laughed wild and hystericky, like a woman when she's troubled and nervous. Thinking him in just the mood to listen to a few friendly words, Dowling broached the painful subject, telling him that he was not only ruining his health, but that he was on the verge of discharge.

"Well," he replied doggedly, "I don't care if I die in a gutter—since she's gone, memory is a curse and life a horror."

"She!" we echoed. It was the first time that we had suspected the existence of any "she" in the drunken clown's history. Dowling, older than I, constituted himself spokesman, saying:

"Jule, if there's anything weighing on your mind, it might make you feel easier to get it off—to talk it over with good friends like Dick and me."

"I don't know," he answered meditatively.

"Remember," continued Dowling, "that Shakespeare says, 'Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak, whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break!'"

It was an apt quotation and seemed to strike home, for the clown, pushing the glasses and the bottle away from him, leaned his elbows on the table and said:

"If I tell you my story, boys, you will think my head is as confused and soggy as ever, whereas it has not been for years so clear as to-night. Yes, Dowling, I *will* give sorrow words—I *will* tell you the romance of my youth and the misery of my middle age, even at the risk of your disbelieving me from beginning to end."

I saw that Dowling's astonishment was as great as mine at the manner in which Jule expressed himself, for usually his language was interlarded with oaths and slang. He went on:

"My name is Richard Crampton, and I was the son of a small farmer in Warwickshire, England. Earl Bannington was lord of the manor, and at nineteen years of age I became the Earl's huntsman. The Earl lived in what had been an abbey, and was still called 'The Priory.' Like most old families, this one had a ghost story, which, although it was connected with the pack of hounds, gave me little concern."

He paused.

"Well," said Dowling, "Go on."

"The tale was that, when danger or death threatened any of the noble house, a phantom pack was seen. That whoever was to be the victim, wherever he or she might be, in foreign lands, in the bedroom even, he would hear a few low notes of a huntsman's horn, and be startled. He would fancy himself in merry England, in his childhood's home. The gates of the stable-yard would be flung open, a pack of hounds would come panting in, followed by men on horseback, in scarlet coats. The stable-doors would open, grooms and grooms would dismount, dogs would be driven into their kennels, and then, in the gathering dusk and the glimmer of lanterns, all would vanish without the slightest human sound, or stroke of horse's hoof, or yelp of hound. And he who looked upon that unreal scene knew he was a dead man.

"But that throughout all time love has strange freaks, you could not credit that the Lady Georgina, the 'daughter of the Earl,' deigned to cast her beautiful eyes on me, the humble keeper of her father's hounds. You, friends, know me only as the poor buffoon, the besotted clown; but, though I was among the lowliest on all that vast estate, it was said that I was in point of appearance well calculated to catch even a highborn lady's eye. Your poet says 'love knoweth every form of air.' No matter what grand gentleman rode with the young noblewoman after the hounds, at me were all her endearing glances directed. At last rumor began to make busy with her name, coupling it with that of her father's servant—myself. The proud Earl would not have permitted her to marry one of the lesser nobility, and when he surprised us in a stolen meeting his wrath was something terrible. I fled we been in Russia the knout would have been my fate."

Jule stopped, and seemed so overcome that Dowling pushed the bottle towards him. For the first time that night he swallowed a large drink and resumed his story.

"Well, here was true love, though I feared at first it was but a girlish fancy, which would vanish before her father's anger. We fled together to the great city—to London—and there—ha! ha!" the old clown laughed wildly, "I engaged with a circus about starting for the United States, and she, 'the daughter of a hundred earls,' as a leader of the hurdle races. It was the first company who did hurdle-racing and steeplechasing in this country."

"I remember it well."

"The life seemed natural enough to me, and I liked it; but it was so different for her. I saw she felt herself deeply degraded—was disgusted with her surroundings, and pined for the parents and position she had lost.

"At length she wrote to her father asking his forgiveness for her disobedience, but telling him no word of how she had sunk, as she phrased it. He replied that if she would leave me forever she might return to him, and nothing need ever be known of her disgrace.

"She had always been delicate, but the exposure and hard work of circus life threw her into a decline. The doctor ordered her back to breathe her native air, and to have rest, peace of mind and other luxuries which the poor cannot command."

"Did she desert you and go back to her father?" Dowling inquired with a note of indignation.

Jule drew himself up and said:

"To look at me now, it's hard to realize that such a woman cared for such as I am. She refused to leave me; still, for all my love and devotion she drooped; her brilliant eye and hectic cheek deceived me into thinking that her physical health was better, but I could see that she grew feeble. One night, as she came out of the dressing-room looking so graceful in her long habit, ready for her act with her trained horse, she said with a sudden start:

"'Hark!'

"'To what?' I asked.

"'The winding of the horn!'

"'I hear nothing,' I replied.

"'What! not the baying of the dogs?'

"'No—there's nothing of the kind. It's only your fancy.'

"'I hear them plainly,' she said as I helped her on the horse with a sinking heart, for at her first words the old superstition of the Bannington family sprang into my mind.

"What if it should be her turn to witness the phantom pack's return from the chase? I thought, as I followed her into the ring.

"In the middle of the act she put her hand to her ear as if listening, and, motioning silence, said:

"'Listen! to the faint, far-off notes of the horn!'

"Perceiving that she was speaking, the leader of the orchestra played piannissimo, a low accompaniment to what the audience no doubt thought was a part of the programme.

"'Don't you see the huntsmen by the light of the lanterns? They all wear red coats. And the old gentleman with white hair—that's my father!'

"'For the first time in my life the jest died on my lips, and I could but gaze in agony on her.

"'There! there they are, all entering the quadrangle—look, look at the merry red coats

NEW YORK CLIPPER.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

H. O. S., Royalton.—"1. If the crowd on a ball field are not properly kept back by ropes, etc., when it could easily be done, and balls are frequently batted or thrown which would yield bases if not stopped by the crowd, even if the obstruction is not intentional, should the ball not be declared dead by Rule VII and Sec. 10? 2. Should such a dead ball, as mentioned in Sec. 10, be promptly sent by a fielder to the pitcher in his position, and from him to a baseman, could a base runner be put out by being touched, or is he entitled to that one base he is running for anyway, whether the ball be in play or not? 3. Does a foul strike count as one of the three strikes which puts a batsman out, or is it only counted when a ball is hit, fair or foul, and caught or fielded to a base? 4. If on a foul strike a ball is hit to short stop, and by him sent to second base, is the base-runner forced from first, and is he out? 5. Would the striker be out in such case if the ball was fielded to first base? 6. If a foul strike is the third of three strikes, and the catcher catches the ball on first bound or on the fly, is the striker out?"..... 1. Any ball stopped by a crowd, who purposely stand in the way or make no effort to avoid the ball, is a dead ball, and such ball is not in play until settled in the hands of the pitcher or baseman standing within the lines of his position. 2. He can be put out by being touched while off the base. 3. Strikes are only called when a fair ball is pitched, the ball striker fails to hit it, or the amateur rules the base-runner cannot be put out in returning on a foul ball, but under the League code he can.

Reading.—"One man on first base, striker hits a fair ball to first-baseman, who muffs the ball, and gets on his base before the striker gets there, and passes the ball down to second base, and it is held there before the man that was on first base can get back to the base he was not touched. How many hands out?"..... 1. Only one—the striker—as the player running to second was not forced to first and so be touched. 2. As many as he can before being put out.

A. S. F., Beard Falls.—"1. Man on first base, ball knocked to the ground, the second-baseman picked the ball up, standing on the line. The man running to first thought he was stopped. The baseman, without either touching second or the runner, threw to first; the umpire declared man out on second. Is that correct? 2. Was the base-runner either be touched or the base be touched by the base-player before the base-runner can be declared out?"..... 1. No. 2. Yes.

Duffy.—"Please decide a bet upon a three-handed game of cribbage. No. 1 plays a 7, No. 2 a 7 and pairs him; No. 3 a 5. No. 1 is 4 and calls a routine, which is allowed. It is a go for No. 2. No. 3 plays a 5, and cards a routine, which is disputed and caused the bet. Observe, the faces of all the cards played are up, and there are visible 5, 6 and 7, the first having been covered by 4 and the first 5 by a 5."..... No. 3 is not entitled to a sequence.

T. M., Quebec.—The ball must be delivered in such a way that the hand holding the bat does not swung forward, passes the line at the hip *below* such line. If it be even with it, the delivery is a foul balk. It is not necessary that the arm actually swing perpendicular at the side of the body, but it must swing as nearly as an unbent arm will throw admits of. Any delivery is legal which allows of the hand holding the ball passing *below* the line of the hip.

M. G., Clinton.—A man is batting on the ball, and is called at cricket?"..... It depends upon circumstances. If the umpire calls "over" before the ball has been settled in the wicket-keeper's hands, a batsman or player be put out in any way after such "over" was called, but can be given one. The rule says that after the over is called, "if an idea be entertained that either of the strikers is out," the question may be decided before the delivery of the next ball.

Subscriber, Kingston.—The yacht Dauntless of the N. Y. Y. C. is a keel schooner.

A. J., Portland.—B is right. A batsman cannot so use his second ace.

Mississippi.—A baseball umpire has nothing to do with deciding bets on or off.

J. S., Oskaloosa.—Having been assisted by his partner, A could not go alone.

L. B., St. John.—In no game of euchre can a partner assist after he has once passed.

J. M. G., Portland.—1. We know of none such. 2. Your paper was sent.

Keystone, Erie.—Under baseball rules, the bet stands, and is decided by the result.

Central Park.—Hughey Dougherty last performed in this city at the Globe Theatre last Fall.

J. K. X., West Alexander.—1. In care of this office. 2. Yes, indirectly.

W. A. F., Dannemora.—See advertisements in New York daily papers. We cannot recommend any firm.

J. W. J.—There was no regular championship until 1871, consequently no club could have won the title before.

Alkaline.—You can easily ascertain of the fact by standing in front of any curved-line pitcher.

Reader, Alexander.—1. Your first query is not plain. 2. Yes; the runner must touch his base.

G. M. W., Texas.—McBride is one of the pitchers of the Boston Club for 1876.

Declined.—"Boston Matinee," "The Fifty-eighth," "You are Breeding."

H. H. C., Stapleton.—1. Miss Jeffreys Lewis is a brunette. 2. Cannot say what her age is.

W. C. D., Washington.—1. We never heard of the play you name. 2. $5 per year.

Mrs. H. G., Philadelphia.—We have received no intelligence of the death of Harry Gurr the man-fish.

Friend, Cincinnati.—The rules are black in this city measure just about 200ft. from curb to curb.

Bounty.—The highest bounty paid by the General Government during the Civil War was $402, we believe.

D. M., Peotone.—141¾, by Kadi, at Hartford, Ct., Sept. 2, 1875.

H. S., Albany.—No answer by mail. We are already supplied.

Ivancutt, West Belleville.—Eight miles have been walked in 59min. 5sec., and twenty-one miles in 2h. 53m. 34s.

Skip, Washington.—At forty-fives the ace of hearts calls for nothing but a trump.

G. W. G., Buffalo.—No; you are mixing up Flora Temple's attempt to beat Dutchman's record.

E. N. R., New Castle.—Whether A makes the trump or assists, his partner cannot go alone.

A. H. C., Philadelphia.—Enter Cooper, this city, can probably give you the desired information.

L. J. I., Swedona.—The Civil War ended in the Spring of 1865.

F. T., Providence.—Watch our columns, and as soon as the dates are made known you will find them there.

James W. Van Dine, Brooklyn.—Apply at the baths, foot of Fifty-third street, E. R.

John Frank.—We do not remember having published such a report.

L. L. S., Philadelphia.—They will be published in The Clipper about Sept. 1.

A. G., Green Spring.—W. Wallace Grant has returned from the West Indies, and is now in this city.

J. C. 4.—A could take in the seven and the three with his ten, and leave his "nines" until another time.

Wonderer, West Winsted.—It is not a legitimate cut when but one card is left at the bottom.

Subscriber, Detroit.—The best trotting record is Goldsmith Maid's 2:14.

L. B., St. John.—One partner can assist the other at legitimate euchre.

Old Fan, Philadelphia.—Russia rules over more land than England.

Sunbury, Sunbury.—Feed the colt on sound hay, oats and grass, with carrots occasionally.

Union Club.—The loser is to owe twenty-five cents a corner on every one of the ten games—in other words, $5.

Regular Subscriber, Little Falls.—You can order it through almost any ladies' furnishing store in the city.

D. M. H., Mount Joy.—1. Dexter, 2:17¾. 2. 2:14, by Goldsmith Maid.

Al Fresco.—Received, correction made, and will probably be in type next week.

J. M. V.—Thank you; but we shall not have space to spare.

N. Ford, Sunbury.—The advertisement would cost 15 cents a line for each insertion.

C. E. N., North Middleboro.—We have all that we shall require for a long time.

Tenth Mag, Trenton.—We do not know whether it is the same man or not.

Guss, Boston.—1. Only partly by salary. 2. By both time and game.

Irving Jones —They practically became professionals in 1868, when they began to play for a share of gate-money.

F. Lee D., Chicago.—The letter addressed to *the persons named* in care of this office will reach them.

G. H. P., Fremont.—We know of no work published in this country upon tableaux, giving illustrations thereof.

W. F. S., Haverhill.—He is entitled to the stake, either by direct stroke or from a carom-shot.

T. A. R., Chicago.—There was no championship before 1871.

Constant Reader.—B, having bid once, cannot bid again.

E. J. C.—It is scarcely up to the mark for publication.

J. M. F., Binghamton.—You lose, on your statement.

F. A. C., Detroit.—Brief items are always acceptable.

G. H. H., Avoid.—The play is Mc's, and not his staff.

W. W. W., Morristown.—Two are nearly all of them.

C. E. H., Mendota.—It is said to be Brannigan.

J. O.—Three trays beat three aces at raffle dice.

Horse, Philadelphia.—The rule is out of our line.

S. P. E., Cohoes.—For four insertions, $1.80.

E. B. E., Sullivan.—Lula, third best, 2:15.

Subscriber, Port Hope, ont.—Aug. 27.

Ignoramus.—It is still a No. 6 grove.

J. S., Rochester.—2:23¾, St. James.

J. C. Shortlex.—Out of print.

F. F. F.—Please call out.

Fish Boy.—The right.

"The treacherous Indians," as they are strangely called, seem to be making it extremely warm and uncomfortable for the untreacherous pale-faces, drawing them slowly but surely within their folds, and then closing in upon them and wiping them out. Since the defeat of Custer and his band much has been said upon the subject, and the vials of our wrath have been opened and their contents cast upon "Sitting Bull and his cutthroat renegades." While deploring the fate of Gen. Custer and his companions-in-arms, we must not lose sight of the fact that their death was one of the results of war. Gen. Custer and other officers were manœuvring to inveigle Sitting Bull and his braves into a trap, which, had the scheme succeeded, would have worked to the detriment of the Bull and his Sioux savages. But Sitting Bull was not *always* sitting—at that time he was wide awake, standing upon his native heath, using strategy against strategy, and, while defending his own position, seeking to destroy the foe who was intent upon *his* destruction. The strategy of the rude and untutored redman prevailed against the well-laid plans of his white adversaries who had been schooled in warfare, and the latter fell before the onslaught of the dusky son of the forest. It was a fair fight, and, though we should have preferred to hail Gen. Custer as the *conqueror*, we should not seek to underrate the *bravery* of the Indians.

One From a Child.—Baby is seven years old, and, walking on the beach, says to his mother: "Mamma, give me a knife; I want to fill the sea." "My child, you are stupid; reflect a little. How can the sea be filled?" "Well, then, the *Dead* Sea; what did it die of?"

A prayer-book weighing an *ounce* is announced by a London publisher, says *The Boston Post*. Well, there is nothing remarkable in that when we come to consider that an *ounce* is a beast of *prey!*

The first sparrer on record must have been Jacob, for we read of his having gut on his hairy gloves, and going into his father. He must have been one of the original Hittites!

Dr. Ayer, *The Herald* says, has gone South for his health, and asks why he doesn't take some of his own medicine. Probably he thinks a change of *Ayer* is preferable.

"These lawn dresses are so fragile," she sighed, as she strolled by the sad sea waves. "I don't think so," said he; "mine weighs one hundred and eighty!"

The author of "The Raven" was noted for his suavity. In many of his poems there is a good deal of *"Pow"-lightness!*

No, James, "iron-clads" are not, of course, manufactured of wood, although they're *made out of doors.*

"Will you ever *cease* your growling?" "Yes, love; when you take me to the *sea shore!*"

Fireman, Chicago.—William McKeever was killed on the Chicago Driving Park, Sept. 23, 1865, while driving the Mallion Genesee, Butler against Cooley in the third heat of their trot. Those were the only horses engaged.

Jay Lee Esy, Cleveland.—L. Hayes' majority over Allen (adene), at last election in Ohio for Governor, was 5,544. 2. Dobbs has not owned any of the horses within the time named.

J. W. B., New Madison.—"1. In a forced run, the ball being held on the line, does it put the base-runner out? 2. Is a jerked ball, in which the arm strikes the side or hip, a fairly delivered ball?"..... 1. No. 2. Yes.

W. F. P., Detroit.—The ironsides of the yacht Mohawk, recently sunk, was 330, old measurement; Dauntless, 268 old, 176.40 new; Idler, 141.32 old, 82.34 new; Dreadnaught, 232.42 old, 126.40 new; Resolute, 206.56 old, 119.35 new.

Long Pat, Burlington.—J. B. Potter, Cornell, '76, ran second in the 440yds. race at Saratoga in 1875, the race being won in 55¾sec. He won the 100yds. dash in 10¾sec.

E. O'Keefe, Hoboken.—Franklin Osgood was the owner of the yacht Magic at the time she won the America Cup, in 1870.

W. E. Foster, Meadville.—T. A. Noble of Princeton won the 3-mile walk at the inter-collegiate sports, last month, in 28.21¾.

Constant Reader, Cincinnati.—1. Cannot say. 2. Not in the ring. 3. Mace and Coburn fought near Bay St. Louis, Miss., not far from New Orleans, La., Nov. 30, 1871.

C. W. R., Elmira.—Dion Boucicault will very shortly arrive in this city from England, when he may be addressed in care of Wallack's Theatre.

T. S.—"The Shaugraun" was never performed in the Theatre Comique in this city. It was there called "The Skibbeah."

W. J. C., Syracuse.—Goldsmith Maid has not made 2:14 this year for the purpose of a record, and it is mere vexation of spirit to pay attention to time that is not of record.

Connecticut.—All articles of wearing apparel and jewelry, suitable to your station in life, and intended for your own use are free from duty.

M. W., Titusville.—At poker dice, any five of a kind will beat four aces, as also will four deuces or any other four of a kind.

Patchen, Philadelphia.—1. The stallion George M. Patchen was brown in color. 2. Have not seen that mounting at the Centennial.

Oakland.—Do not know. Most likely it is, like a thousand other similar questions, a mere paraphrase of some sentiment in the Bible.

W. E. Harland, Philadelphia.—1. Not having a nine in his hand, B could not play that way. 2. No one point has precedence over another in counting out.

J. W. C., Boston.—The Cambria beat the Dauntless in the ocean yacht race from Daunt's Rock, on the coast of Ireland, to Sandy Hook.

Peter M. Duffy, Ottawa.—If you have competed for money prizes, or in an open competition, you cannot be classed as an amateur.

Subscriber, Cliftninati.—We keep no record of such matters. The names were as stated, and the places of the ladies' nativity were wrongly given.

An Actor.—To secure attention to the subject, name and address should have accompanied the communication—not for publication, however.

R. R., Provo City.—We have no time to negotiate engagements for performers. One of our dramatic agents might aid you.

G. W. C., Windsor.—Unless 10 are not three more than 7, he who backed the London Club wins. Why ask us to waste space in printing such a question in full?

L. C. B., Baltimore.—The player next on your right hand is the only one entitled to cut the cards, but any of the others can insist upon his cutting them.

J. B., Hallsville.—A man born in A. D. 1800, could not well have been born in any other century than the eighteenth.

Box, Norfolk, Va.—We do not attempt to keep track of professional persons during the Summer vacation. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

Old Subscriber, Baltimore.—He recently arrived in this country from Europe, but we cannot give you his address.

D. D., Brooklyn.—Try and get an engagement to play small parts in sketches until you get used to facing an audience, and then try your specialties.

Old Tom, Lancaster.—Practice some specialty until you excel in it, and then apply to some manager for an engagement.

J. J. W., Paris.—Every player who is any way paid for his services is a professional player, and any club employing such players is a professional club.

Ben Day, Faribault.—"A beats B 14 to 4, and A beats C 7 to 0. Which is the worst defeat?"..... The 7 to 0, of course.

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Mrs. H. G., Philadelphia.—We have received no intelligence of the death of Harry Gurr the man-fish.

Friend, Cincinnati.—There are no blocks in this city measure just about 200ft. from curb to curb.

Bounty.—The highest bounty paid by the General Government during the Civil War was $402, we believe.

D. M., Peotone.—141¾, by Kadi, at Hartford, Ct., Sept. 2, 1875.

H. S., Albany.—No answer by mail. We are already supplied.

Ivancutt, West Belleville.—Eight miles have been walked in 59min. 5sec., and twenty-one miles in 2h. 53m. 34s.

Skip, Washington.—At forty-fives the ace of hearts calls for nothing but a trump.

G. W. G., Buffalo.—You are mixing up Flora Temple's attempt to beat Dutchman's record.

E. N. R., New Castle.—Whether A makes the trump or assists, his partner cannot go alone.

A. H. C., Philadelphia.—Enter Cooper, this city, can probably give you the desired information.

L. J. I., Swedona.—The Civil War ended in the Spring of 1865.

F. T., Providence.—Watch our columns, and as soon as the dates are made known you will find them there.

James W. Van Dine, Brooklyn.—Apply at the baths, foot of Fifty-third street, E. R.

John Frank.—We do not remember having published such a report.

L. L. S., Philadelphia.—They will be published in The Clipper about Sept. 1.

A. G., Green Spring.—W. Wallace Grant has returned from the West Indies, and is now in this city.

J. C. 4.—A could take in the seven and the three with his ten, and leave his "nines" until another time.

Wonderer, West Winsted.—It is not a legitimate cut when but one card is left at the bottom.

Subscriber, Detroit.—The best trotting record is Goldsmith Maid's 2:14.

L. B., St. John.—One partner can assist the other at legitimate euchre.

Old Fan, Philadelphia.—Russia rules over more land than England.

Sunbury, Sunbury.—Feed the colt on sound hay, oats and grass, with carrots occasionally.

Union Club.—The loser is to owe twenty-five cents a corner on every one of the ten games—in other words, $5.

Regular Subscriber, Little Falls.—You can order it through almost any ladies' furnishing store in the city.

D. M. H., Mount Joy.—1. Dexter, 2:17¾. 2. 2:14, by Goldsmith Maid.

Al Fresco.—Received, correction made, and will probably be in type next week.

J. M. V.—Thank you; but we shall not have space to spare.

N. Ford, Sunbury.—The advertisement would cost 15 cents a line for each insertion.

C. E. N., North Middleboro.—We have all that we shall require for a long time.

Tenth Mag, Trenton.—We do not know whether it is the same man or not.

Guss, Boston.—1. Only partly by salary. 2. By both time and game.

Irving Jones —They practically became professionals in 1868, when they began to play for a share of gate-money.

F. Lee D., Chicago.—The letter addressed to *the persons named* in care of this office will reach them.

G. H. P., Fremont.—We know of no work published in this country upon tableaux, giving illustrations thereof.

W. F. S., Haverhill.—He is entitled to the stake, either by direct stroke or from a carom-shot.

T. A. R., Chicago.—There was no championship before 1871.

Constant Reader.—B, having bid once, cannot bid again.

E. J. C.—It is scarcely up to the mark for publication.

J. M. F., Binghamton.—You lose, on your statement.

F. A. C., Detroit.—Brief items are always acceptable.

G. H. H., Avoid.—The play is Mc's, and not his staff.

W. W. W., Morristown.—Two are nearly all of them.

C. E. H., Mendota.—It is said to be Brannigan.

J. O.—Three trays beat three aces at raffle dice.

Horse, Philadelphia.—The rule is out of our line.

S. P. E., Cohoes.—For four insertions, $1.80.

E. B. E., Sullivan.—Lula, third best, 2:15.

Subscriber, Port Hope, ont.—Aug. 27.

Ignoramus.—It is still a No. 6 grove.

J. S., Rochester.—2:23¾, St. James.

J. C. Shortlex.—Out of print.

F. F. F.—Please call out.

Fish Boy.—The right.

"The treacherous Indians," as they are strangely called, seem to be making it extremely warm and uncomfortable for the untreacherous pale-faces, drawing them slowly but surely within their folds, and then closing in upon them and wiping them out. Since the defeat of Custer and his band much has been said upon the subject, and the vials of our wrath have been opened and their contents cast upon "Sitting Bull and his cutthroat renegades." While deploring the fate of Gen. Custer and his companions-in-arms, we must not lose sight of the fact that their death was one of the results of war. Gen. Custer and other officers were manœuvring to inveigle Sitting Bull and his braves into a trap, which, had the scheme succeeded, would have worked to the detriment of the Bull and his Sioux savages. But Sitting Bull was not *always* sitting—at that time he was wide awake, standing upon his native heath, using strategy against strategy, and, while defending his own position, seeking to destroy the foe who was intent upon *his* destruction. The strategy of the rude and untutored redman prevailed against the well-laid plans of his white adversaries who had been schooled in warfare, and the latter fell before the onslaught of the dusky son of the forest. It was a fair fight, and, though we should have preferred to hail Gen. Custer as the *conqueror*, we should not seek to underrate the *bravery* of the Indians.

One From a Child.—Baby is seven years old, and, walking on the beach, says to his mother: "Mamma, give me a knife; I want to fill the sea." "My child, you are stupid; reflect a little. How can the sea be filled?" "Well, then, the *Dead* Sea; what did it die of?"

A prayer-book weighing an *ounce* is announced by a London publisher, says *The Boston Post*. Well, there is nothing remarkable in that when we come to consider that an *ounce* is a beast of *prey!*

The first sparrer on record must have been Jacob, for we read of his having gut on his hairy gloves, and going into his father. He must have been one of the original Hittites!

Dr. Ayer, *The Herald* says, has gone South for his health, and asks why he doesn't take some of his own medicine. Probably he thinks a change of *Ayer* is preferable.

"These lawn dresses are so fragile," she sighed, as she strolled by the sad sea waves. "I don't think so," said he; "mine weighs one hundred and eighty!"

The author of "The Raven" was noted for his suavity. In many of his poems there is a good deal of *"Pow"-lightness!*

No, James, "iron-clads" are not, of course, manufactured of wood, although they're *made out of doors.*

"Will you ever *cease* your growling?" "Yes, love; when you take me to the *sea shore!*"

TAMPERING WITH THE SPORTS.

There was a flutter of excitement among baseball players when, during the past week, some "startling revelations" were made in reference to an attempt "by a gentleman of this city" to induce a well-known pitcher to sell himself, and the games he participated in, for a specified consideration; and a howl of indignation went up when the admirers of our national game became cognizant of one of the dark ways by which they are defrauded of their chips when they innocently back up their opinion by a show and deposit of the filthy lucre. Some surprise was expressed that a whole month should have elapsed ere the "awful disclosures," from the time of their inauguration until the collapse of the machinery, were promulgated to an awe-stricken and confiding public. Had the insidious wiles of the tempter succeeded in their fell purpose, it is not at all probable that the public would have heard anything about the affair; but, failing to bring the pitcher to the well-devised sticking point, the unholy panderer laid himself open to a serious charge; and the exposure of his diabolical plan and the virtuous status of his intended co-operator were the natural fruits of the exploded missive. And yet there is nothing new in this revelation, except, we might say, in its exposure; for the same systematic efforts have been going on for years—efforts to buy expert ball-players, and use them for purposes of public robbery! And though it is difficult to fasten an offense of this kind on anyone, yet there is no doubt whatever that some of the most exciting contests in the history of the game have been bought and sold by enterprising speculators and equally enterprising professional players; and notwithstanding the facts have been well known by club-managers, the latter have studiously concealed them from the public, in the fear that the club's interests would suffer by their disclosure, and the entire fraternity of ball-tossers would share in the public's condemnation of the fraud. We have, time and again, called attention to these truths, and have cautioned patrons of the game against investing on the result of the play. We have even succeeded in forcing club managers to take action on certain matters of which we had become cognizant, but further than a gentle reprimand the suspected players were not troubled. True, there have been instances where the salable players were expelled from the clubs to which they were attached; but remorse for such hasty and cruel action soon after seized upon the managers, and, after a reconsideration of the disgraceful subject, and a liberal application of whitewash, the alleged suspected parties were thereby made pure as snow, and reinstated in the favor of their clubs. The only questionable part of these after-proceedings was the omission of the managers to make due apology to the "innocent" and injured professionals.

It is so very easy to throw a game that we are not surprised that the spectators fail to detect in all cases the fraudulent actions of players. A catcher can purposely let a ball pass him, and yet make it appear that he is doing his best to make a sure catch. Each player in his position has many chances given him to throw a game, and yet be credited for his seemingly strenuous endeavors to make a "point for the side." There are several players, owning houses and lands, who, a few years ago, had not wherewith to provide them with the necessaries of life. By practice of the closest economy their salaries could not by any possibility have enabled them to invest so many ducats in bricks and mortar and Government bonds. How, then, did they do it? By ways that are dark, and tricks that have not been in vain. By the sale of themselves and subsequent dabbling in pools which they *could not lore!* And, so long as these swindling transactions are winked at by club-directors, or glossed over in their pretended investigation of the same, just so long will the confiding public and patrons of the game be made the victims of a cabal of gamblers and thievish players.

What we have said of baseball is true also of other sports. Billiards affords a lucrative field for the operations of the knavish player and speculator. We need go no farther back than to the recent tournaments in this city and in Philadelphia for proof of the nefarious character of some of our billiard displays and billiard experts; and it is to this scheming on the part of players, and buying and selling of games, that the diminished attendance at matches and tournaments may, in a measure, be attributed. Horseracing, trotting, wrestling, pigeon-shooting, rowing, prize-fighting, etc., are open to the same charges of trading, and scheming to buy and sell, and thus robbing the public. We do not say that there are not good men and true in every branch of our sports and pastimes, but we very much fear that they are outnumbered by the vicious and the depraved. Unless this roguery is checked by the proper punishment of the guilty, we cannot look for the advancement of our sporting interests, nor for that support and encouragement which the public are ever ready to extend to meritorious recreations and athletic and other pastimes.

Lawyers are very particular—they never *"take the 'will' for the 'deed!'"*

By a Butcher—*Weighing a steak* is much easier than *staying awake!*

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ On July 24: While trying to make his escape, a burglar with the initials "S. T." pricked in his arm fell into Simon Feldt's cistern, at Fayette, Pa., and was drowned.

.....Mrs. Rosa Teevan of Williamsburg, L. I., was reported to have been killed by her husband, Patrick, on the 23d.....David Hope fell from the top of a freight car in Jersey City, N. J., and was run over and killed.....Washington Irving, alias Wilmarth, alias Goldrick, murdered at West Point, N. Y., from a gunshot wound inflicted by John H. Rothelein, a guard, against whom a verdict was rendered.....Michael Mulqueen, William Lee and Patrick Burke were killed by a freight train running into a wash out near the Point of Rocks, Md.....News from abroad was to the effect that the atrocities in Bulgaria continue, and numerous Bashi-Bazouks are arriving in that country from Asia; that the population at Belgrade and Vienna preserved a determined attitude in consequence of Austrian intervention; that the Prince of Montenegro has released all the South Dalmatians in his army; that the Hungarian authorities had embargoed the Krupp guns and the munitions for them which were en route to Roumania; that Austria had demanded immediate satisfaction for infringements of neutrality by a Turkish man-of-war at Kiek; that a banker named Baldina, whose liabilities were $400,000, committed suicide at Venice; that a Frenchman committed suicide by drowning in the River Tiber, Italy; that Messrs. Jerashi & Co. of Caracas, South America, have been granted the exclusive right of working the gold mines, introducing through the ports of La Guayra and Porto Cabello $240,000 in silver, and that Venezuela has prohibited the introduction of foreign silver under penalty of confiscation.

.....In Hall county, Ind., a man named Hall, was shot in the door of his residence by Orange County Vigilantes.....A cloud burst on the Diamond Range Mountains, near San Francisco, Cal., caused the death of thirteen Chinese woodchoppers, and probably a number of Italians camped near, of whom no trace could be discovered.....It was stated that, during the past year, 12,000 head of buffalo were slaughtered in the Northwest.....Serious riots were reported to have occurred between striking and non-striking miners at Sydney, N. S. Wales.....Charles W. Case, aged 50, was killed at Watertown, N. Y., by Rev. Mr. Petri was reported to have been drowned at Revere Quelle, Quebec, Canada, on the 22d.

☞ July 25: It was cabled that the inefficiency of the commissariat and the insufficient supply of warlike stores have combined to compel the Serbians to confine themselves to a purely defensive warfare, without prospect of future operations; that the Belgrade and Russian people, and an offer of mediation from England would be gladly entertained by Prince Milan's advisers; that Germany supports the proposal for a conference at Constantinople; that Austrian affairs are to be held at Berlin after the first decisive battle; that England had remonstrated with Russia upon the Moscow-Slavonic Committee's proceedings; that the report of an English Consular official at Salonica had entirely exonerates the American Vice-consul from participation in the seizure of the girl which caused the outbreak; that Lloyd's reported the loss of the steamship Lucerne in entering a check for £1,969, was committed for trial in London, Eng., ball being refused; that Thos. Barge & Bros., merchants of Manchester, Eng., have failed—liabilities $300,000; that in accordance with the agreement of the New York Associated Press U. S. Minister Pierrepont said that the United States took the view that Great Britain's recent action broke the Treaty of Washington; that the Great Britain contends that the treaty is unbroken and that her action is justified by its provisions; that the French Senate has adopted the bill authorizing the prosecution of Gambetta; that M. Francais, member of the Commune, was wounded in a duel with M. Vervieseh at Geneva, Switzerland; that Italy demands explanations from the Khedive in consequence of extensive preparations for war; that Gen. Pelle is at the Central African expedition; and that the town of Albeuve, Switzerland, was totally destroyed by fire on the 20th inst.

.....Frank Strassiner of Newark, N. J., shot himself fatally.....At Goshen, N. Y., R. H. Berdell, who shot and killed Wisner Murray, was discharged by Justice Coleman, and rearrested by Constable.....Edward Barrey, aged 45, was drowned while bathing at Rockaway, L. I.....It was reported that two daughters of Mr. Pritchard of Logansport, Ind., were burned to death by the explosion of a kerosene-oil can.....Carstein von Goserwinke cut John Topps' throat in Williamsburg, L. I.....Six men lost their lives by an explosion in the Black Diamond coal mine, at Nanaimo, Cal.....The Heavy rains on the mountains flooded Eureka, Nevada, sweeping away several houses and doing considerable damage.....Ahmed Mukhtar Pasha was appointed Commander, Osman Pasha, a prisoner; that Prince Nikita will resign the chief command; that remnants of Karageorgewitch have been arrested; that Newsky, Servian, was nearly destroyed by fire on the 22d, the damage aggregating many million crowns; and that Royiton & Dixon, iron shipbuilders of Middlesborough, Eng., have suspended.....Peter Lynch, aged 70, was killed by a car at Brooklyn, L. I. was nearly killed in a struggle with an unknown burglar.....James Lanigan was killed by a fall over an embankment, at Port Huron, City, N. Y.....Josiah Brown committed suicide at North Woburn, Mass.....Everett Holt was drowned at Lewiston, Me.....John M. Terwilliger, aged 3, blew out his brains at New Hurley, N. Y.....Edward Lathrop cut the throat of Joseph Thomas at Providence, R. I., inflicting, probably, a fatal wound.....Losses by fire: At Milbury, Mass., on the Providence and Worcester railroad, buildings, at Millbury, Mass.—loss $160,000, insured for $90,000; J. L. Brackett's mill, at Portland, Me.—loss $32,000, insurance $20,000; the Eagle Hotel, at Kent, Ohio, loss $25,000; Konzo Pratt's "Old Pioneer" mill, at Athol, Mass.—loss $10,000, partially insured; John H. Chappell's dwelling, Warwick, R. I.—loss $9,500, partly insured.....Mrs. Long perished in the flames which consumed a tenement-house at Haverhill, Mass.....Wm. E. Merrill of Boston, Mass., died from a stab-wound inflicted by Jacob Johnson, a thief.

☞ July 30: Cable dispatches stated that on the 12th inst. a body of Cubans threw a railway train off the track near Las Tunas, the shock killing eight soldiers and falling in an iron-clad car, and the cars being sacked and burned; that the insurgents also lately captured a convoy from Villa Clara, with $60,000 in gold and much ammunition; that the Spanish Consul at San Francisco, Cal., had received a tender Karageorgewitch, and that if Prince Milan returns to Belgrade vanquished he will be dethroned; that the Bengal Famine Relief Committee in this city had issued a great excitement prevailed because of a proclamation by Dervish Pasha prohibiting quarter to Christians; that Selim Pasha died of his wounds; that Osman Pasha had but a small force of men in the battle with the Montenegrins; that 3,000 Christians were massacred at Peyedor; that details of other atrocities by the Turks in Bosnia and Herzegovina were received; that 12,000 more Christians were tortured and drowned at Perouan and Lamar, twelve women were cut to pieces at Pavica, 60 children were stoned to death at Lakolovo, a young girl were violated and murdered at Lakolovo; that steps are being taken throughout France to petition the Chamber of Deputies to order the expulsion of the Jesuits from that country, in accordance with the ordinance of 1828, believing that the expense entailed on ten Paris and twenty country newspapers in the recent suit was 70,000 francs in each case; that there were fireworks, illuminations and salutes on the occasion of ex-Queen Isabella's arrival at Santander, Spain; that 1,000 Germans settled in Russia were reported to have emigrated to America; that Prince Dolgorouki and Tscherkessenski had revolted against the Russians in Caucasus and were overpowering the garrisons; and that the Khedive declines any responsibility in the Antinori Zelle, murder.....Michael Mulqueen, William Lee and on the 28th inst. Jackson Boerum, aged about 60, was knocked from a drawbridge over Flushing Creek, L. I., by a locomotive, the blow being instantly killed him.....The body of Mary Ann Kennedy of this city, drowned from an excursion boat, was recovered.....John Houston of Newark, N. J., had his skull fractured by being thrown from a stoop by his brother James.....Losses by fire: T. R. Smith & Sons' paper-mills, at Stapleton, S. I.—loss $12,000, insured; J. E. Roberts & Co.'s hardware store, Utica, N. Y.—loss $5,000, covered by insurance; Morris Silverman's fancy and drygoods store, this city—loss $2,000.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BRADY, H. S.—A well-known printer in Maryland, latterly he had been editor of *The Morgan* (West Virginia) *Mercury*—Berkeley Springs, Va., July 19.

BOULT, Swinton—One of the founders of the Liverpool and London Insurance Company, and also of the Globe, of which latter he was manager for thirty-five years—Liverpool, Eng., July 8.

BRAY, Mrs. Margaret Strong—Wife of Dr. H. L. Bartlett, and daughter of the late Henry Scott of Cooperstown, N. Y.—Flatbush, L. I., N. Y., July 27.

BELL, Helen Livingston—Daughter of Judge Jones Pinkney, Jr., of N. Y.—Rhinebeck, N. Y., July 26.

BINGFORD, James R.—Superintendent of the public schools of Richmond, Va.—Red Sulphur Springs, West Va., July 30.

BUTCHER, Rev. Samuel—Bishop of Meath and Premier Bishop of Ireland. He was the second son of Vice-admiral Butcher, was born in 1811, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1850 he was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and Bishop of Meath in 1856. The deceased was the author of several ecclesiastical works—Death announced in a dispatch from London, Eng., dated July 30.

CONNOLLY, Most Rev. Thomas—Roman Catholic Bishop of Halifax, N. S., since 1852—England, where he was consecrated Bishop of St. John, N. B., Aug. 15, 1852—Halifax, N. S., July 27.

CAPERTON, Hon. Allen T.—Born near Union, Monroe County, Va., now West Virginia, Nov. 24, 1810. He attended school in Virginia, at Huntsville, Ala., the University of Virginia, and at Yale College, graduating at the latter institution in 1839. He studied law with Judge Henry Baldwin at Staunton, Va., and was admitted to the Bar in 1842. He was some time a director of the James River and Kanawha Canal, and was for several years a member of the House of Delegates, and of the State Senate, his last senatorial term being from 1859 to 1860. In 1861 he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention of Virginia. He was soon after elected to the Confederate Senate, a member of the Confederate States Senate, and served until the close of the war in 1865. He took his seat in the United States Senate, in San Francisco, Cal., on the 4th of March, 1873.—Washington, D. C., July 25, aged 65.

CHANNING, Dr. Walter—Formerly Professor of Obstetrics in Harvard College—Boston, Mass., July 27.

DELATOUR, Albert J.—An old New Yorker, and for many years connected with the Volunteer Fire Department, for which he was many years treasurer. Deceased has was best known in connection with a famous sodawater stand at No. 23½ Wall street, now a part of the Drexel Building. This stand was established in the year 1806, by Lynch & Clark, who continued the business for many years, and were succeeded by W. P. Morris, who retired in 1847. Mr. Delatour, a clerk in the establishment, bought his employer's interest, and continued the business. Under Delatour's management the place became the great resort of down-town business men, who called there daily to get their glass of mineral water, and to look at the thermometer. Mr. Morris, the former proprietor, took a great deal of interest in meteorology, and in 1837 began to keep a record of the thermometer, which was continued by Mr. Delatour. Deceased's tour's was notably one of the coolest places in Wall street, in consequence of the amount of ice constantly kept on hand, yet the thermometer was accepted as the Wall street standard. In 1867, Mr. Delatour, having acquired a competency, sold out the business to a Mr. Gelston, who still continued the old establishment until the destruction of the building in 1872, when the shop was removed to Broad street—Little Neck

esting Barus and Gen. Garfield; time, 2:26¼, 2:25¾, 2:27¼. The running race, two miles, for a purse of $300, was won by Capt. Moore's c.c. Waddell, beating Vicksburg and War Jig in 3:45¼.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

Shepherd Knapp has matched his Messenger turoc foal against Mr. Palmer's Happy Medium foal for $5,000, the race to be trotted when the colts are three years old.....The race-mare Formosa, by Buccaneer out of Eller by Chanticleer, who won the Oaks, St. Leger, One Thousand Guineas, and made a dead heat with Moslem for the Two Thousand Guineas, was recently sold at auction at Newmarket, Eng., for $13,500. She was purchased by Mr. Gee for a broodmare. At the same time and place the mare Fraulein (in training), by Melbourne out of Laura (Petrarch's dam) by Orlando. was sold to Mr. Stirling Crawfurd for $15,000..... The eight-year-old stallion Fearnaught, owned by Mr. McKay of Ingersoll, Ontario, died recently. His owner refused $5,000 for him shortly before his death.....The mare Vandalite, winner of the Dixie Stakes of 1874, has been bred to imported Leamington..... Mr. John O'Donnell of this city has sold his four-year-old colt Kildare (formerly Milner) to Mr. A. J. Burton of Tennessee for $1,700. Kildare, it will be remembered, made a dead heat with Ozark for the Kenner Stakes at Saratoga last Summer, after running second to D'Artagnan for the Travers Stakes on the same place.....The valuable young trotting stallion Allie West, six years old, by Almont, dam by Mambrino Chief, died on July 12, at Lexington, Ky. His death was quite sudden, and without any known cause. He was owned by Capt. Wilgus, who purchased him in the summer for $15,000. As a four-year-old, he trotted a mile in 2:29¾, the fastest record for that age..... The thoroughbred stallion King Tom by Lexington out of Tokay by imp. Yorkshire, died recently at the Mansion House, Hamilton, Canada, from inflammation of the bowels, in his 12th year. .....The Fleetwood Park Association announce their regular Fall trotting meeting from the 18th to the 23d of September next.....The trotting stallion Robert Bonner by Hero out of Lady Bonner by Long Island Black Hawk, died recently at Edge Hill Stud Farm, Stockbridge, Mass. He had a record of 2:26, and his owner, Mr. Mali, paid $10,000 for him four years ago.

EXPULSION OF THE STALLION COMMONWEALTH.—The announcement that the well-known trotting stallion Commonwealth, and his owner, Mr. Farnum, had been expelled by the National Association, created a sensation among turfmen, and there was general desire prevalent to know the cause for such action on the part of that Association. From a letter from the secretary, T. J. Vail, we learn that Hicks Brothers, proprietors of the Granite State Park, Dover, N. H., ordered the expulsion under authority of Rule 28, the judges of the race having decided that the stallion was deliberately "pulled" to lose the third heat, after winning the first two heats with apparent ease, this decision being reached after changing drivers, and at the conclusion of the race. The owner, J. R. Farnum, admits that the third heat was "dropped" by his orders, but he stoutly denies having any fraudulent motive therein, and claims to believe he had a right to "drop" a heat; but since his attention has been called to the rules, he admits he erred in the matter. The proprietors strictly followed the rules, and applied the penalty therein provided; but having become satisfied that Mr. Farnum did not intend to "throw the race," and that he dropped the third heat therein without dishonest motive, they joined in the petition of Mr. Farnum for a suspension of the penalty until an investigation and action can be had by the Board of Appeals for this district, and Mr. Woolley, the president of the Association, has granted the temporary relief sought for. This leaves the horse Commonwealth and his owner free to compete in races until the district Board of Appeals shall meet, when the penalty will revive and be left in force, or be removed upon such terms as the Board may deem proper.

WINNERS' OWNERS AT THE MONMOUTH PARK MEETINGS.—At the head of the list of winning owners of stables at the two race meetings at Monmouth Park, recently concluded, stands the name of A. Belmont, who is credited with $12,650, of which the Patience won $5,150; Bertram, $4,600; and Fiddlestick, $2,750. Pierre Lorillard ranks second with $6,300, of which Barricade won $1,950; Zoo Zoo, $2,600; and Idalia, $1,550. Third on the list is K. W. Sears with $6,000, won entirely by Acrobat; and George L. Lorillard is fourth with $4,600, won by Tom Ochiltree. T. Puryear is fifth with $1,650 to his name, won by Meko and Kingsland; and A. D. Brown, who comes next, is indebted to his steeplechaser Colonel for the $1,250 opposite his name. Messrs. Davis of Virginia win $974 with Romney and May D.; J. G. Bethune $900, with Burgoo; Joe Donahue $865, with Stanford and Weasel; W. R. Babcock $840, with Woodland and Egypt; J. Cohen $800, with Dombrook; and A. Grinstead $730, with Mettle; Geo. Sutcliffe $675, with Bullet and Resolute; W. Cottrill $650, with Ascension; and H. P. McGrath $600, with Chesapeake and Leonard. Last year Mr. McGrath stood at the head of winners at Monmouth Park.

TOMMY HOSKINS POISONED.—At the recent trotting meeting of the Detroit Horse Fair Association, two valuable trotting horses—Gilt Edge and George—died suddenly under peculiar circumstances. Gilt Edge had won the first heat in the 2:34 race, and became a favorite, with the odds of 5 to 1 on him; but, in the remaining heats, powerful stimulants were obliged to be given him to continue the race, and he was distanced to run in each heat to save his distance. He grew worse after the race, and died in the course of the night. The symptoms of the stallion George were so similar to those of Gilt Edge, and also resulted in his death. Although strong suspicions of foul play were entertained, it was deemed unadvisable by the officers of the Association to publish them at that time, and, to throw the guilty perpetrators of the crime off their guard, it was given out that the horses had died of overexertion and the intense heat of the weather. Detectives were put on the track of the suspected parties, who were followed to Grand Rapids and thence to Chicago, at the close of the Dexter Park trotting meeting enough evidence had been collected to warrant the arrest of Edward Fitzgerald, and Con Healy, the latter one of the stable attendants of Gilt Edge. On July 24 Wm. A. Owen, secretary of the Detroit Association, made a sworn affidavit before Justice Comstock, charging the above-named parties with poisoning Gilt Edge and George, who were arrested, conveyed to Detroit, and placed in jail, where they will be tried at the next term of the Recorder's Court. From the evidence on which the complaint is based, it is stated that Healy, after his arrest, "squealed" on Fitzgerald, and told the owner of Gilt Edge of the entire plot. The Detroit Association are determined to spare no expense or exertion in bringing them to justice.

GOODWOOD STAKES AND CUP.—The Goodwood race-meeting in England, held last week, had peculiar interest attaching to it this year, in consequence of two American horses, Mate and Preakness, owned by Mr. M. Dawson of this city, being engaged in the two principal races—Mate in the Goodwood Stakes, and Preakness in the Goodwood Cup. The former race, run on July 26, is a handicap, $125 each, $75 forfeit, with $1,000 added, two miles and a half, and was won by Hampton, 3yrs., 108lb, by Lord Clifden, beating Admiral Hawke, 3yrs., 79lb; Pink (Lord), aged, 79lb; Mate, aged, 112lb, and five others. Mate started 100 to 8 and finished seventh in the race; Hampton, the winner, being the favorite at 7 to 4, and 4 to 1 against Admiral Byng. In the Goodwood Cup, run on July 27, Preakness showed to better advantage than Mate had done, for, carrying 119lb, he ran third to the winner, Prince Soltykoff's New Holland, by Young Melbourne, 5yrs., 120lb, and Lord Ailesbury's Temple Bar, 3yrs., 110lb. The betting was 5 to 2 against New Holland, 3 to 1 against Temple Bar, and 5 to 1 against Preakness, in a field of six starters. The latter can horse made the running for over two miles, and looked very like a winner a quarter of a mile from home, but the pace then began to tell upon him, and New Holland caught him and beat him home by two lengths in 6min. 24sec. Temple Bar beating him by a head on the post for second place.

DERBY AND ST. LEGER ENTRIES.—The entries for the English Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger for 1878 closed on July 15. The Derby closed with 236 entries, against 233 in 1877; the Oaks with 98, or 39 more than in 1877; and the St. Leger with 345, an increase of 26 over 1877 and in excess of any previous year since its establishment, over a century ago. Baron Rothschild has a number of foreign-bred horses in the Derby list, in which Mr. Sanford has two entries—a bay colt by Glenelg out of La Polka by Lexington, and a bay colt by Glenelg out of Niagara, the sister to Preakness. He has also two fillies entered in the Oaks—one out of Katering and the other out of Ulrica, both by Baywood. Mr. Sanford has made no entry in the Doncaster St. Leger.

THE MATCH BETWEEN SANFORD AND DONALDSON.—We learn by cable telegraph that Mr. Sanford has proposed a match between his horse Preakness and Prince Soltykoff's New Holland, the winner of the 2,000 guinea cup, for a race to be run at the same terms as the cup was run for, except that the weights shall be 28lb higher. As it is very unlikely that the owner of New Holland, a four-year-old, will run him with a load of 140lb up to 2 miles, it is probable that Mr. Sanford's challenge will meet with acceptance.

DEATH OF A VETERINARIAN.—We regret to announce the death of Dr. Charles C. Grice, the oldest veterinary surgeon of this city. He graduated from the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, London, in 1826, and been in active practice in New York since 1830.

SALE OF GOV. SPRAGUE.—The five-year-old fast trotting stallion Governor Sprague, by Rhode Island out of Belle Brandon, has just been purchased by Mr. Jerome J. Case of Racine, Wis., for the large price of $27,000.

CHANGE OF DATE.—The Louisville Jockey Club have changed the fixture for their Fall meeting, which will be held on Wednesday, Sept. 21, and five ensuing days, omitting Sunday.

CRICKET.

PENINSULAR vs. PARIS.

A cricket match was contested at Detroit, Mich., July 27, between the Peninsular Club of that place and the Paris Club of Ontario, Canada, in which the former were successful by an inning and 34 runs:

PENINSULAR.

	R.		R.
F. Bamford b. Whitlaw	23	R. R. Ridgley b. Whitlaw	0
G. Heigho c. Rogers b. Jones	20	P. J. Littlejohn b. Whitlaw	5
Wm. Milward st. Hammet b. Jones	1	P. Uridge b. Whitlaw	25
Wm. White b. Jones	1	J. Dodds c. McCosh b. Clark	11
U. Armstrong c. Maxwell b. Whitlaw	4	A. C. Borrowman, not out	0
C. B. Calvert c. and b. Whitlaw	21	Byes, 14; l. b., 4; wides, 3	21
Total	136		

First Inning.	Paris	Second Inning.	
Parkinson b. White	3	c. White b. Bamford	3
Jones b. White	2	run out	0
Hammet c. Dodds b. Bamford	19	c. Heigho b. White	2
Whitlaw c. Ridgley b. Bamford	4	c. Armstrong b. Ridgley	13
Jones c. Armstrong b. Bamford	3		
Rogers c. Calvert b. Littlejohn	0	b. Littlejohn	8
Maxwell c. Armstrong b. Littlejohn	1	c. White b. Ridgley	8
Oliver b. Littlejohn	2	not out	1
McCosh b. Bamford	0	c. Bamford b. White	15
Clark c. Bamford c. Littlejohn	0	c. Bamford b. Armstrong	3
Calvert, not out	1	c. and b. Heigho	1
Byes, 2; leg-bye, 1	3	Extras	10
Total	38	Total	64
			38
Grand total			102

CANADA VS. MERION.—An international cricket match has been arranged to take place at Ardmore, Pa., August 3, 4, between twelve of Canada and twelve of the Merion Cricket Club. The Canadian team will be a strong one, under the captaincy of that sterling cricketer the Rev. J. D. Phillipps. The Merions will also present an excellent team, so that an exciting and closely-contested match is anticipated.

ST. GEORGE VS. TORONTO.—An eleven of Toronto visit this city on Aug. 3 to play a one-day's match with the St. George Club at Hoboken, N. J. They are going to try and begin at 10:30 A. M. The St. George will play Soutter, Gibbes, Bance, Jones, Moeran, Cashman, Marsh, Whitman, Mostyn, Slegh, and Giles.

MANHATTAN VS. PATERSON.—The Manhattan Club will take the 9 A. M. train on Wednesday, Aug. 2, to play the Paterson Club at Haledon.

TEN THOUSAND PERSONS are said to have been present at a lacrosse match held on the championship of Canada, played at Toronto Ont., July 29, between the Torontos and the Montreal Shamrocks. The Torontos won the first, second and fifth games, the last occupying one hour and ten minutes.

THE EIGHTEENTH annual games of the Caledonian Club of Philadelphia will be held on the 14th and 15th of August, at Schuetzen Park, in that city.

BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO COME OFF.

LEAGUE CLUBS.

Aug. 1, 2, Hartford vs. Athletic, at Hartford, Ct.
Aug. 1, 2, 5, Louisville vs. Chicago, at Louisville, Ky.
Aug. 1, 2, 3, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, at Cincinnati, O.
Aug. 3, 5, 7, Athletic vs. Boston, at Boston, Mass.
Aug. 8, Athletic vs. Hartford, at Hartford, Ct.

Aug. 1, Red Stocking vs. Columbia, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 1, Our Boys vs. Hudson, at Brooklyn, N.Y.
Aug. 1, Cheyne vs. Witoka, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 1, Enterprise vs. Harlem, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 1, Union of Newark vs. Chelsea, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 1, Athletic of New York vs. Nassau, at Brooklyn.
Aug. 1, Washington vs. Alpha, at Stapleton, S. I.
Aug. 1, Enterprise vs. New York, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 1, Athletic Amateurs vs. San Francisco, at Phila., Pa.
Aug. 1, Mutual of New York vs. Orange, at Orange, N. J.
Aug. 1, Lowell vs. Blue Stocking, at Manchester N. H.
Aug. 2, Star of Paterson vs. Enterprise, at Paterson, N. J.
Aug. 2, Alaska vs. Alpha, at Stapleton, S. I.
Aug. 2, Hoboken vs. Athletic, at Hoboken, N. J.
Aug. 2, Putnam vs. Contest, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 2, Lowell vs. Fall River, at Lowell, Mass.
Aug. 2, Resolute vs. Allen, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 2, Peabody vs. Albion, at Baltimore, Md.
Aug. 3, Defiance vs. Centennial, at Philadelphia, Pa.
Aug. 3, Our Boys vs. Madison, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 3, Crystal vs. Pallaway, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 3, Chelsea vs. Argyle, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 4, Peabody vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore, Md.
Aug. 4, Resolute vs. Washington, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 4, Enterprise vs. Jersey City, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 5, Rivals vs. Alpha, at Stapleton, S. I.
Aug. 5, Our Boys vs. Jackson, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 5, Red Stockings vs. Hudson, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 5, Staten Island vs. Osceola, at Staten Island.
Aug. 5, Athletic vs. Eureka, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 5, Olympic vs. Hoboken, at Hoboken, N. J.
Aug. 5, Witoka vs. Witoka, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 5, Crescent vs. Putnam, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 5, Chelsea vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 5, Campbell vs. San Francisco, at Phila., Pa.
Aug. 7, Hoboken vs. Eagle of New Brunswick, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 8, Chelsea vs. San Francisco, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 8, Enterprise vs. Athletic, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 8, Athletic vs. Volunteer, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

THE LEAGUE PENNANT RACE.

The fourth month of the League-pennant contests closed on Monday, July 31. Up to July 30, inclusive, the pennant contest record stood as follows:

	Athletic	Boston	Chicago	Hartford	Louisville	Mutual	St. Louis	Games Won	Games Lost
Athletic	....	1	1	4	0	2	3	0	11
Boston	4	..	0	6	0	2	7	3	22
Chicago	5	8	..	7	3	1	6	2	35
Cincinnati	2	0	..	..	1	1	0	2	6
Hartford	4	4	4	..	0	2	5	3	25
Louisville	4	4	0	3	..	3	3	3	18
Mutual	3	4	4	3	1	..	3	3	18
St. Louis	6	3	2	5	3	3	..	4	27
Games lost	26	19	7	35	10	24	24	14	159

Taking the clubs in the order in which they stand, according to their record of victories, we find them occupying the following relative positions:

	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Played.
Chicago	35	7	0	42
St. Louis	27	14	0	41
Hartford	25	10	0	36
Boston	22	19	0	41
Louisville	18	22	0	40
Mutual	15	24	1	40
Athletic	11	26	1	38
Cincinnati	6	35	0	41
Total	159	159	6	324

It will be seen that 159 games have been won and lost, and the Louisville Club have played single ill games with the Hartford, Athletic and Mutual nines, making a total of 162 games played in all. From the start each club had to play seventy games with every other club. This makes an actual total of 280 games to be played during the season. Of this number 159 have been played, leaving 121 yet to be played to finish the quota. Dating from July 30, the number of games to be played by each club is as follows:

	Chicago.	St. Louis	Hartford	Boston	Louisville	Mutual	Athletic	Cincinnati	Games Lost	Games Played
Chicago	....	6	4	4	3	4	4	3	28	70
St. Louis	6	..	4	4	3	5	4	3	29	70
Hartford	4	4	..	4	4	3	6	5	35	70
Boston	4	4	4	..	3	4	4	3	28	69
Louisville	3	3	4	4	..	4	6	4	28	68
Mutual	4	5	6	2	4	..	6	4	31	71
Athletic	4	4	5	5	6	4	..	3	31	69
Cincinnati	3	3	5	6	4	4	3	..	29	70

THE ÆTNAS OF DETROIT, MICH.

The above club defeated the San Francisco nine at Detroit, July 15, by a score of 12 to 1, the S. F.'s obtaining their only run in the ninth inning. On the 24th they crossed bats with the Yates B. B. C. of Grand Rapids, whom they beat by a score of 9 to 3:

ÆTNA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	YATES.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hawes, 1st b	4	3	9	1		Webster, s. s	1	1	2	2	3
Gifford, c	2	2	9	2		Wells, c	0	0	7	1	1
Brown, c	1	1	13	3		Day, 3d b	1	1	1	1	
Sullivan, p	0	1	1	0		Thayer, 2d b	1	0	3	0	
Johnson, f	0	0	1	0		Herrick, c. f	1	1	1	0	
Bohn, 3d b	0	0	2	0		Flood, p	0	0	3	0	
Shelley, s. s	0	0	1	0		Liesveld, 1st b	0	0	12	3	
Stearns, 2d b	0	1	0	0		Stevens, l. f	0	0	0	0	
Morris, r. f	0	0	2	0		Barry, r. f	0	0	0	0	
Totals	9	9	27	6		Totals	4	6	27	13	

Ætna	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	3—9
Yates	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Umpire, A. Turner of Detroit.

On the 26th they again met the Mutuals of Jackson at Detroit, defeating them.

ÆTNA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	MUTUAL.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hawes, 1st b	1	2	11	2		Myers, c	1	2	3	2	
Gifford, c	1	1	7	0		Bandle, 3d b	0	0	1	2	
Brown, c	1	1	7	0		Bandle, s. s	0	0	2	0	
Sullivan, p	2	3	3	0		Carbine, 1st b	0	0	11	0	
Johnson, 2d b	2	2	1	3		Benedict, r. f	0	0	1	0	
Bohn, 3d b	0	2	4			Montgomery, c. f	1	0	1	0	
Shelley, s. s	2	2	0	2		Root, l. f	0	0	5	2	
Stearns, l. f	0	0	1	0		Hilgans, 2d b	2	2	0	0	
Morris, r. f	0	2	0	0		Naylor, p	0	2	2	2	
Totals	9	16	27	13		Totals	7	6	27	8	

Ætna	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	4	3—10
Mutual	0	0	3	0	0	2	2	0	0—7

Ætnas earned—Ætna, 8. Left on bases—Ætna, 7; Mutual, 5. Umpire, J. Skulley.

HARTFORD vs. NEW HAVEN.

Two games were contested by these clubs, for the Connecticut championship, last week—at New Haven July 27, and at Hartford on July 29—both of which were won by the League nine, as under:

HARTFORD.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	NEW HAVEN.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Remsen, c. f	1	1	1	0		Fleet, 2d b	0	0	5	0	3
Spencer, 1st b	2	1	4	2		Waitt, 1st b	1	1	9	0	1
Higham, r. f	2	2	1	0		Pabor, l. f	0	0	3	0	1
Ferguson, 3d b	0	1	3	2		Cassidy, c. f	0	1	1	0	1
Carey, s. s	0	0	0	1		Spence, 3d b	0	0	0	2	1
Cummings, p	0	0	0	2		Wright, s. s	0	0	1	2	3
York, c. f	1	1	3	0		Nichols, p	0	1	1	4	2
Knowell, 2d b	0	0	1	3		Newell, 1st b	0	0	7	0	1
Harbidge, c	1	0	10	0		McGee, r. f	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	8	10	27	13	7	Totals	2	4	27	13	12

Hartford	0	0	3	1	1	0	0	3	0—8
New Haven	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—2

Runs earned—Hartford, 2; New Haven, 1. First base by errors—Hartford, 9; New Haven, 5. Struck out—Hartford, 2; New Haven, 6. Double-plays—Hartford, 2; New Haven, 1. Total bases on hits—Hartford, 12; New Haven, 5. Umpire, G. Sylvester of New Haven. Time, 1h. 34m.

HARTFORD.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	NEW HAVEN.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Remsen, c. f	2	2	2	0	0	Fleet, r. f	0	0	2	4	2
Spencer, 1st b	2	2	9	0	0	Waitt, 1st b	0	0	4	0	0
Higham, r. f	1	2	1	0	0	Pabor, l. f	1	3	3	0	0
Ferguson, 3d b	0	1	2	3	0	Cassidy, p	0	1	1	1	0
Carey, s. s	0	1	0	3	0	Spence, 3d b	0	0	4	3	0
Cummings, p	1	1	0	3	0	Wright, s. s	0	2	1	0	0
York, l. f	1	1	4	1	0	Nichols, c. f	0	1	0	0	0
Knowell, 2d b	0	1	14	0	1	Newell, 2d b	0	1	2	2	1
Harbidge, c	0	2	3	1	1	McGee, c. f	1	2	3	1	0
Totals	7	16	27	16	5	Totals	4	12	27	11	3

Hartford	2	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	2—7
New Haven	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0—4

Earned runs—Hartford, 5; New Haven, 2. Bases on errors—Hartford, 0; New Haven, 2. Two-base hits—Pabor, 3; Remsen, 2; York, 1; Cummings, 1. Three-base hit—York, 1. Umpire, Mr. Bond of the Hartfords. Time, 1h. 33m.

ATHLETIC vs. OUR BOYS.

The Athletics, with four of their regular players short, played the Our Boys Organization Nine on the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 26.

ATHLETIC.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	OUR BOYS.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
P. Anderson, 3b, l	2	2	3	3		Dempsey, 1st b, l	1	1	13	0	2
Kelly, l. f	1	2	2	0		Dempsey, 2d b	2	0	0	6	0
McFaul, s. s	2	1	3	2		Casey, 2d b	0	0	6	7	2
Crotter, l. f., c	2	2	1	0		O'Connor, c. f., 3	3	1	0	1	
J. Anderson, p	0	0	11	1		Dempsey, 3d b	1	1	1	2	1
Hennessey, p	0	0	1	0		Travis, r. f	1	2	9	0	1
Murphy, c	2	1	6	2	3	Hoodley, p	0	1	1	1	1
McCloskey, c	0	0	11	1		Gregory, c	0	1	1	1	1
Liberty, r. f	1	1	1	0	1	Callahan, l. f	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	10	11	26	11	10	Totals	8	7	27	16	11

Athletic	2	1	0	0	0	1	1	2	3—10
Our Boys	3	0	3	0	1	0	1	0	0—8

Umpire, Mr. Ackerman. Time, 1h. 45m.

*Player declared out.

ROCKAWAY vs. ROSS.

A very prettily-played game came off at Far Rockaway, L. I., July 22, between the clubs above named.

Rockaway.	R.	Ross.	R.
Lynch, l. f	0	Fitz, s. s	1
Spellman, p	2	Ponchon, c	0
Donohue, c	0	Colligan, p	0
Farrell, 2d b	0	Healy, 1st b	1
Levendera, 1st b	1	McKenna, c. f	0
Exan, s. s	0	Simis, 2d b	2
Marron, 3d b	2	Carroll, l. f	0
H. Levendera, r. f	0	Glover, r. f	0
Tracey, s. s	0	Likeit, 3d b	0
Total	6	Total	5
Rockaway	0 1	0 0 1 2 1 0	1—6
Ross	1 1	0 0 0 2 1 0	0—5

ALASKA vs. CONTEST.

On July 26 the Contests of West Brighton, S. I., met the Alaskas at Brooklyn, by whom they were again defeated:

ALASKA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	CONTEST.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Newman, s. s	1	2	2	1	1	Salisbury, r. f., 1	0	1	0	1	
Smith, 1st b	0	0	9	1	3	Rickert, 3d b	1	0	1	2	1
Brice, p	2	3	1	1	1	McIntyre, 1st b	1	0	8	1	1
Devlin, c	2	1	9	1	1	Boyle, p	0	0	2	2	0
Biery, 2d b	1	2	1	1	0	Wright, s. s	1	2	0	2	1
Brown, r. f	1	0	1	0	0	Morris, 2d b	1	1	3	1	2
Peterson, l. f	1	1	2	0	0	Drake, l. f	0	0	3	0	1
Taylor, 3d b	0	1	0	0	1	Geary, c	1	0	9	1	4
Langton, c. f	1	0	2	0	0	Hayes, c. f	1	1	0	0	1
Totals	9	10	27	15	7	Totals	7	4	27	9	12

Alaska	1	0	0	0	0	5	2	0	1—9
Contest	0	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	1—7

MUTUAL vs. WITOKA.

These nines crossed bats in the City of Churches on Tuesday, July 25, with this result:

MUTUAL.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	WITOKA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fry, r. f	1	2	2	1	0	O. Flyn, 3d b	1	1	3	6	0
Roseman, l. f	2	2	1	0	0	J. Arm'g, c. f	0	1	0	0	0
Scheppert, 3d b	0	2	1	1	2	Dwyer, l. f	0	0	2	0	0
Smith, p	0	0	0	2	2	Spencer, 1st b	1	1	13	3	1
Wareham, l. f	1	1	2	0	0	W. Arm'g, r. f	0	0	0	0	0
Kramer, c	0	1	9	1	4	G. Arm'g, s. s	1	1	1	2	0
Boyer, 1st b	0	1	9	0	1	Clare, p	0	0	1	0	2
Bregenzer, 2 b	1	0	2	1	0	Massland, c	1	0	8	1	0
Ricker, s. s	1	1	1	6	0	Ibert, 2d b	1	1	0	2	1
Totals	7	9	27	11	10	Totals	6	6	27	16	11

Mutual	2	0	1	1	0	2	0	0—7
Witoka	1	0	0	0	1	2	0	0—6

Earned runs—Mutual, 3; Witoka, 1. Home-run—Roseman of the Mutual, 1.

CHELSEA vs. CARBONDALE.

The Carbondale (Pa.) nine were in this vicinity during the latter part of the past week, and on July 28 accepted defeat at the hands of the Chelseas of Brooklyn.

CHELSEA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	CARBONDALE.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Clare, c	2	0	5	0	5	Gillispie, 2d b	2	0	5	2	3
West, 2d b	2	0	3	2	1	Parrott, r. f	0	1	1	0	0
Hayes, l. f	1	0	2	0	1	Maroney, 1st b	0	0	12	1	2
Hourigan, r. f	1	2	1	0	0	McGlynn, 2d b	1	0	3	1	6
Rolfe, p	0	0	0	1	2	Finnerty, l. f	0	0	1	0	3
Dunne, 1st b	0	0	12	0	1	Londor, s. s	1	1	0	4	0
Cassidy, c. f	0	0	1	1	0	Fitzpatrick, c	1	0	7	0	0
McGlade, c. s	1	0	0	2	2	Britt, p	0	0	2	2	3
Duffy, 3d b	0	1	2	2	0	Becker, 3d b	0	0	3	2	2
Totals	7	3	27	11	13	Totals	5	3	27	13	20

Chelsea	0	1	3	0	0	0	3	0	0—7
Carbondale	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2

HARRISBURG vs. KEYSTONE.—In a game at Erie, Pa., July 28, the Keystones were beaten severely by the Harrisburg Club.

Harrisburg	1	0	1	0	0	0	3	4	3—12
Keystone	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Passed balls—Lane, 1; Courieli, 1. Three base-hit—Phillips. Umpire

AN UNDERSTANDING.

A Seaside Incident.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Why, Bob, you dear old fellow,
Where have you been these years?
In Egypt, India, Khiva,
With the Khan's own volunteers?
Have you scaled the Alps or Andes,
Sailed to isles of Amazons?
What climate, Bob, has wrought this change—
Your face from brown to bronze?"

She placed a dimpled hand in mine,
In the same frank, friendly way;
We stood once more on the dear old beach,
And it seemed but yesterday.
Since, standing on this same white shore,
She said with eyelids wet,
"Good-bye. You may remember, Bob,
But I *shall not* forget."

I held her hand and whispered low:
"Madge, darling, what of the years—
The two long years that have intervened
Since, through the mist of tears,
We looked good-bye on this same white beach,
Here by the murmuring sea?
You, Madge, were then just twenty,
And I was twenty-three."

A crimson blush came to her cheek,
"Hush, Bob!" she quickly said;
"Let's look at the bathers in the surf—
There's Nellie and Cousin Ned."
"And who's that portly gentleman
On the shady side of life?"
"Oh, he belongs to our party too—
In fact, Bob, I'm his wife!

"And I tell you, Bob, it's an awful thing,
The way he does behave;
Flirts with that girl in steel-gray silk—
Now, why do you look so grave?"
"The fact is, Madge, I—well—ahem!
Oh, nothing at all, my dear—
Except that she of the steel-gray silk
Is the one I married last year." MACDUFF.

EVELYN DE VERE;

OR,

THE TWO CITIES.

A Life Drama Played on the World's Stage.

BY HENRY CHARLTON EMMET,

AUTHOR OF "THE TRUE AND THE FALSE, OR WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME."

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW CAMDEN NEARLY LOST HIS LIFE.

It is almost impossible to describe Camden Hope's feelings when he found himself alone, and barred and bolted in that dark room. Astonishment predominated; fear was out of the question.

"What does this mean?" he said, unconsciously speaking aloud. "Surely that misguided girl has not brought me here with the intent of having me robbed."

As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he discovered a small window high up in the wall opposite the door, and the snow-covered house-tops reflected a little light, or seemed to, into the room. The next discovery he made was a bed, a washstand with a toilet-glass above it, and two chairs.

"Unusual signs of extreme poverty," he mused, smiling in spite of himself. "Camden, some of these days you will learn to have less faith in the neglected waifs of mankind, unless they intend to cut your tender throat. No wonder one hears such sanguinary American cousins carry revolvers. I've nothing but my fists, beyond a penknife, with which I am much more likely to harm myself than anyone else, deuce take it! I should like a light, just to find how many places of ingress there are to this room, and where my secret and unknown enemies are likely to come from. By the way, I have some wax matches—blessed be the inventor! Out of evil comes good. Had I not been a smoker, I should not have had the means of obtaining even this temporary light."

He struck a match, but before the composition was fairly alight the room-door opened, and the pale-faced girl entered, bearing a candle in her hand.

"I hope, sir, you will forgive me for leaving you so long in the dark. The truth is, sir, I had to borrow a candle."

Camden, looking at the white, plaintive face, had not the slightest suspicion of this not being the truth. Still, from curiosity he asked why the door had been locked upon him. The girl smiled in a painfully sad way, and answered him simply enough.

"Sir, we have but one room, and I could not take you in until I had seen my poor sister. This one I knew would not be occupied—perhaps not till early in the morning; but fearing that someone might have come in, I took the key. Alas, sir, we are compelled to be here, though we are never certain who may come in—a tenement-house of this kind is full of all sorts."

There was an expression of such deep, despairing sorrow on the girl's face that it was impossible to doubt its reality. She played her part well, but that expression *was* real. Under such influence as her own sinful life had brought upon her, she had been compelled to take part in this vile conspiracy. She would have given herself soul and body to Camden for a mere maintenance, rather than have gone so far in crime as she felt this step to be, but she dared not disobey those who fed and clothed her at the price of her soul's damnation. To even betray them would be only to fall into the hands of justice, with even the hand of the police raised against her.

Young as this girl was, she was sadly old in vice, and knew human nature better than experienced men at sight; and she saw at once the kind of man she had to deal with—ingenuous, unsuspecting, confiding man, a gentleman in every sense of the word.

"Perhaps," she thought, "he may love and be loved by someone who is what God ordained that woman should be; and in the very pride of his manhood he is to be cut off from this world, and I am one of his murderers."

The girl had no shame, but she shuddered at this cold-blooded act of cruelty, and her very remorse lent reality to her assumed sorrow and mental suffering. She begged Camden to follow her when she had explained the cause of her halting and locking the door, and he obeyed her readily.

"Is your sister worse?"

"Never will be better, I fear, sir, until death relieves her."

"And the disease?"

"Rapid decline, brought on by long suffering, sir."

"Poor thing, poor child! And yet there is plenty in this world for us all."

The girl did not reply or speak any further. The more she looked at Camden's pale, handsome and sympathetic face, the less she wished to play her part. She led him silently into a bedroom, even higher up than the one he had been locked in. On the bed lay a girl something like his conductor, but paler, thinner, than she—beyond question in the last stage of decline; but how far removed from the thought that her illness was the result of her own wicked and dissipated life, nor that she was supplied with every absolute necessity.

"Do you have proper medical attendance?" asked Camden.

"Such as I can get out of charity, sir."

"Is it too late to fetch a competent physician?"

"Oh, no, sir; any good man will come here for two dollars, if paid beforehand. They don't trust us people down here."

"Have you anyone to go?"

"I sir, would go willingly—gladly."

"Then here is the money, my child. Get a little wine, too; and anything you may see, which, I fear, won't be much at this hour of the night."

The pale-faced girl left the room, having asked Camden to remain until the doctor came. During the girl's absence he knelt by the sick woman, who in a feeble and disjointed way told him a story which made his heart bleed, and kept his attention employed until the sister came back, bringing in a stylishly-dressed man of about thirty years or so. Camden thought him young to be a very competent physician, but said nothing. It is needless to say that this was only a sham doctor, who made a pretense of examining the girl and of writing a prescription. When he rose to depart he got into conversation with Camden. He was well-spoken, and evidently well-informed, and said that Camden had done what only an Englishman would do, as Americans were well aware that such a step was risky in a city like this.

Camden had risen to go too, and the sham doctor inquired whether they were going in the same direction, as they might walk together.

"I should only be too glad, as I really don't know where I am," said Camden; and, having promised the patient further assistance on the morrow, the doctor led the way out of the dull house into the dull by-way, and Hope followed on in blind faith.

By this time the panel-house thief—the sham doctor being nothing less—had reached his residence—another house, with parties employed in the conspiracy—Camden was so much charmed with his conversation, and his assumed admiration for England and the English, that he accepted an invitation to go in and take a glass of wine. He was taken into a room furnished as a study or library would be, and cigars and wine were produced. A bright fire warmed the room, and conversation, like the wine, flowed freely. In less than two hours Camden felt more affected than he had ever been in his life, and he became alarmed. He took out his watch to see the time. His eyes saw double. The hands of his watch seemed mixed up with the figures on the dial. His head was dizzy and hot, and his senses in a whirl. When he tried to rise, he could only stagger to the sofa, where he reclined sideways and became unconscious. He had never uttered a word since the feeling came on, and seemed powerless to make any struggle to overcome the prostration. He had been effectually drugged, and was now in the power of his merciless wretches, who for money would even dare to murder.

When he returned to consciousness, Hope found himself in an apartment scantily furnished and only dimly lighted. Not a soul was present, and the silence of the tomb reigned over the place. He was powerless to move. The use of his limbs was gone, and his head ached and was wearily heavy. A raging thirst had got possession of him, and he could not drag himself from the bed to search for water. He was unconscious of the time, and could not command his memory in the least. He had slept for sixteen hours, so that the night had passed and his almost fatal lethargy had dipped deep into the next day. He was dimly conscious, later on, of someone being present—of a water-jug being placed by his bedside; but everything was indistinct, like the scenes which take place in our dreams. Later on, mad with thirst, he struggled hard to sit up and reach the pitcher of water. As he did so, a hand was laid gently on his arm. He turned his head wearily, and saw the pale face of the girl who had betrayed him peering through a panel, which had been noiselessly drawn aside.

"Oh, sir!" she said, "do not drink that water—it is poisoned. Here is some pure, and I will bring you more by-and-bye. Do not fear me, sir. I have made up my mind to die rather than they shall kill you. When you are better, pretend to be senseless, or I shall never be able to save you."

She gave him a drink of water, took the cup from him, and hastily vanished, closing the panel after her. It was she who had discovered that the police were hunting for him, and, finding that they would not betray her, she led them to the house on the following night, and the raid was made, nearly every person concerned arrested, and Camden saved.

Afterwards the girl turned State's evidence, and it is to be hoped that this one step in the right direction may lead her into a brighter and purer path.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GONE OUT WITH THE TIDE.

It was a dreadful scene at the hotel when Doyle fell. The staircase was crowded, the hall was crowded, the corridors and approaches to the scene of the tragedy were all crowded with eager, horror-stricken faces. Waiters rushed pell-mell up the stairs, others laying violent hands upon the assassin. Doctors shouldered their way in, and last of all came the police, and the crowd gave way for the majesty of the law, as they had given way to one elegant figure, with a beautiful and terror-stricken face, which had flown down the stairs, and with a cry of heart-rending anguish had thrown itself beside the blood-stained figure lying helpless on the mat. That figure was Gabrielle's.

"Oh, my darling, my beloved guardian!" she cried, kissing his pallid lips and weeping as if her heart would break.

"Gabrielle, my baby pet!" poor Doyle faintly murmured. "Have me taken to your room; it will not be for long." And tenderly and with sympathetic faces the gentlemen who were near carried him up to Gabrielle's handsome room. On the landing she paused and faced the demon Conyer.

"Monster!" she said, "murderer! if there's justice under heaven, you shall end your infamous life on the scaffold. Ah! here come the police. Arrest him," she continued—"escaped felon, defrauder and murderer—Conyer Elston."

"That's just the man we want," said one of the officers, coming forward; "they've been wanting you a good many years over the other side, I guess, for the bank frauds."

Fearing the violence of the crowd within and the mob without, a carriage was called, and, under the escort of stalwart police, Conyer Elston was driven to jail.

The doctors were in attendance on Doyle when Gabrielle went in to him. They were quiet, earnest men, putting their utmost surgical skill to the test, but their professional knowledge told them that it was useless.

"It's hopeless, gentlemen," said Doyle. "*I* feel that. I will not put you to any further trouble."

"We cannot find the ball, and it is useless to put you to unnecessary pain, to-day at least."

"There is hope of his recovery?" asked Gabrielle.

"None!" said Doyle. "Tell her so, doctor; tell her the truth."

"I am afraid the wound is fatal, madame," said one of the doctors, and the other answered Gabrielle's wistful look of inquiry by a grave inclination of the head.

"I remain in the hotel," said the doctor who had before spoken, "and will attend at any moment, should a change take place."

Then they left, and the rooms were cleared of the sympathetic intruders, whose kindly proffered assistance Gabrielle declined.

"O my darling, my darling!" she wailed, throwing herself upon him and kissing his lips with the fervor of a passionate and despairing love, which even now contrasted strangely and perhaps agreeably with the timid, gentle affection of Evelyn.

"Gabrielle," he said faintly,

"My own dearest guardian."

"I want you to be good and listen to me, and be brave. Grief is useless, my child, and only very painful to me. My part on the world's stage is all but played out; let us make the most of the time that is spared me."

"Oh, I pray the Almighty will let you live. If attention and nursing and devotion will restore you to life, then you shall soon be well—indeed you shall."

"But it will not, my Gabrielle. Perhaps it is far better that I should not. Baby," he went on in a tone of inexpressible affection, "it is better for you that I should not recover. Providence has separated us, and I am thankful for it now. Only a few weeks ago a fiendish desire possessed me to come forward and claim you—to-night I was thinking of better things—but then it is too late now."

"Tell me, dearest Ernest."

"No, no; I want to tell you something of more importance. I want you to send for someone."

"Tell me who, and they shall be fetched at once."

"Someone whom I deeply wronged more than a year ago, and by wronging her was a double traitor, for I had been faithless to you."

"Oh, my darling Ernest, do not tell me of that *now*," cried Gabrielle, her cheeks flushing and then turning deadly pale.

"Nay, my child, do not misjudge her or me. I wronged her only in gaining her love and confidence and then discarding her. He en—"

"Do not mention his name."

"He has wronged her more, and through me."

"Of whom do you speak?"

"You know her—Evelyn De Vere."

"I have heard of her from *him*. I know the story, my darling, but I do not know her."

"Yes, my child, you know her as Miss Desmond."

"She? And how has that monster wronged her?"

"By having her father given up to the police after they had only first met since he left her, a lisping child, in the care of his housekeeper. Send for her, pet; I have a duty to perform before I die."

"I will write at once; what shall I say?"

"Only that you want to see her concerning her father, and that she is to come at once."

Gabrielle sat down at a side-table, and dispatched the following note to Evelyn:

DEAR LOVE: Come to me the *moment* you leave the theatre—news concerning your father here. Delay not for anything. GABRIELLE.

When Gabrielle returned to Doyle he was a little restless, and evidently in great pain. She bathed his forehead with a cold sponge, and gave him a little to drink.

"*He* was here when I came," he said to Gabrielle.

"Yes, darling."

"Did he speak of me?"

"Ah, yes—bitterly, revengefully. I was about to come down and warn you of his presence and his purpose, but he knew your card, and rushed on before me."

"Why did he do it?"

"He said you had telegraphed to the police authorities in England to get him arrested."

"Ah! how did he know that?"

"I doubted him, and in the heat of passion he told me that your manservant had handed him a verbatim copy of the telegram."

"What I expected. The cursed traitor! I always thought that man was my fate."

"*He* had prepared to leave this State the moment he had—had done this wicked deed which he has done; but the police, who wanted him under the extradition treaty, were here, and he is in their keeping."

"Thank God, for De Vere's sake! Gabrielle, I feel that I should like to sleep for a minute or two. My eyes are dim, and the pain grows worse. Will you watch by me?"

"Always—always, my darling."

"God bless you! I never appreciated the treasure I had in you, my darling, no matter how I have gone far, very far, out of the beaten track—always buffeting in a troubled sea. It has risen at last against me. I am wrecked, and going out with the tide—it may be to find rest and peace."

By degrees his mind seemed to wander back to scenes of the past, and his voice became faint. Presently he dozed, and Gabrielle sat beside him with one large white hand grasped in her own, and wept silently and bitterly. Who knew but herself that the brightest hope of her life was fading fast away—that the future on which she had based so many happy dreams, and built so many castles in the air, was slowly crumbling into nothingness? And it was a young life to be blighted, a young and gentle heart to be so early stricken, and with such an utter desolation before it. He had been all in the world to her, and now the world was nothing.

Doyle slept on, looking like one in a trance, scarcely breathing, never stirring, until Gabrielle withdrew her hand from his to go and meet Evelyn at the door.

"My dear, what is that report I hear," Evelyn asked, "concerning some dreadful tragedy which took place here to-night? It is in everybody's mouth, but I did not catch the name."

"Hush, darling!" replied Gabrielle. "It is my guardian, of whom I have spoken so much. He lies there. Eva, once he was very dear to you. Can you see him with calmness? He wants to see you, and he is dying."

At the name of Camden flashed across Evelyn's brain. She turned whiter than death, and trembled in sickening horror.

"Dear to me? It is ——"

"Ernest Doyle—they have shot him to death."

In that instant—the instant it took to articulate his name—Evelyn had forgotten all, perfectly, forgotten the scene with Miss Falconcourt, and her own bitter disappointments. When she entered the doorway of the bedroom and saw him lying there, sinking by inches, her heart gave a great throb and bled for him.

"Mr. Doyle," she said, "why was this done? Who could be cruel enough to do it?"

"It is the price I paid, Miss De Vere, for saving your father. I am glad you are come. I want to give you some instructions. Has your cousin returned?"

"No; nothing has been heard of him since he was at the theatre."

"Be patient—wait and hope! I have set the police to work to hunt him up. Have you seen your father?"

"Only for a few minutes."

"I promised to get him legal advice and assistance. Will you tell him why I have not, when you see him. And will you, Miss De Vere, send a solicitor for him, and tell him that the real culprit, Conyer Elston, is in prison—that I telegraphed to England, and instructions arrived for his apprehension?"

"I will tell him all."

"Miss De Vere," Doyle went on slowly, "I was trying to atone for the past. I was hoping for a better future, and this is what it has come to. I am dying—nothing on earth can save me. Have I your forgiveness?"

"O Ernest! is there any need to ask me that?"

"Thank you. God bless you! You two have been most wronged by me, and I thank you both for forgiving the past, for still thinking kindly of me. Now that you both are here, I would like to say that my jewelry is for Gabrielle, when you have chosen a souvenir for yourself. I would like you to have this locket."

He picked up his waistcoat, which lay on a chair by the bedside, and detached from his watch-chain a gold locket. On the face was studded with diamonds, but the back was blemished with one dark stain—a drop of blood from his own cruel wound.

"I have no one to whom I need send or write any message," he continued. "I—I should like to see Hope again—for—for your father's sake."

A painful pause, and then, after a little hard breathing, he asked:

"What is the time?"

"Ten minutes past eleven."

"Night?"

"Yes, Ernest," answered Gabrielle.

"The time passes rapidly. Shish! who is that? I hear someone outside the door."

"I will see," said Evelyn, rising and going to the sitting-room door, as a gentle rapping sounded on the panels.

"Hush!" she said, when the visitor entered, and then added: "Ah, Camden, where have you been?"

"Evelyn, my love, at last?" said Camden, who was the fresh arrival.

"Hush! he is dying."

"Poor Doyle! I heard of the dreadful affair—saw it in an evening paper. I have but just escaped from a horrible death myself. Where is he?"

"Is that Hope?" asked Doyle.

"Yes, old fellow, I am here," answered Camden.

"Thank God! Then the villain did not succeed in his work with you?"

"Then he, Conyer Elston, made the brutal attempt upon my life?"

"Yes. How did you escape?"

"The den of infamy was raided by the police, and the wretched creature who lured me there is under arrest, with her accomplices."

Doyle smiled triumphantly.

"Then," he said, "you will hear the truth from them—they must tell the story for their own sakes. We need not discuss it now. You know that De Vere is in prison?"

"Unhappily, yes."

"Rather say happily. I cannot be of service to him. You must see him in the morning; get the best legal advice, and bear in mind that money, properly applied, will get him any comfort. In my pocketbook you will find the name and address of the captain of police whom I engaged to hunt you out. I promised him five hundred dollars. He has had some on account. Let the remainder be paid him."

"I will see to that," said Camden kindly.

"I think I have now said all I want to say," Doyle added feebly. "It might be as well to let me see the doctor once more."

The doctor was sent for, and responded almost instantly to the summons. But he could do nothing, and all through the night this mournful party sat watching the dying man. In the morning a magistrate came and took his deposition, and when he had gone Gabrielle asked if he would like to see a minister.

Doyle seemed to gain momentary energy at that. "Do not insult the cloth," he said pettishly. "I never believed in them during my life, and I am not going to begin now; my end is near, and I am willing to die as I have lived—in my own way."

At ten o'clock a terrible change set in. His face was distorted with agony, and he looked, oh! so terribly aged. He insisted upon being propped up on pillows, and tried to talk. At half-past eleven his pulse became extremely feeble, and he could hardly articulate a word. Ten minutes before twelve his face changed again, becoming strangely calm, and, if anything, the unearthly pallor lent a beauty to it that was never there before.

"Evelyn," he whispered faintly, and smiling one of his old, winning smiles, "if it had been otherwise ordained—if it ——"

Words dropped into unintelligible murmurings, and he seemed to be dozing. With a start he suddenly roused himself.

"Good-bye, my lord," he said. "Take care of her," giving Evelyn's hand into Camden's. "She deserves it. Gabrielle—kiss me, sweetheart—don't let me go! Kiss me good-bye. Thank you, pet—bless you—bless you!"

The clock had just ceased striking the hour of twelve, and the pulse of Ernest Crayford Doyle had just ceased to beat. He had ended his struggles in the troubled sea and gone out with the tide.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

By the extradition treaty, both De Vere and Conyer were given up to the English and conveyed to London. Evelyn did not follow her father, by his own request, as she could do him no good there, and it would necessarily be a long time before the trial came on. Camden, of course, stayed in New York, and urged Evelyn to give up her engagement at once. But her judgment was sounder than his love.

"No," she said quietly; "I will fulfill my engagement, in New York at least."

"But, my dear child, there is no necessity for it, and you can have no possible love for such notoriety."

"My dear cousin, I have got used to it now. I borne it once from necessity, and, indeed, if I remember rightly, you had a penchant for actresses."

Camden colored slightly. He had discovered how he had been beguiled by Gabrielle to serve the purpose of Doyle.

"My dear Eva, I visited Gabrielle Vane as an actress."

"Then be satisfied that I am your cousin."

"Eva, it is time that this coquetry ceased. Since I first learned to love you, I have never lost sight of my purpose of gaining a position for you and worthy of you. I was working hard—literary work—though you never suspected it, and your wishes in the house. A position has come to me more than unexpectedly. I have for one year followed you from city to city, to offer you my fortune, my name and my love. You cannot be indifferent to all this, Eva. I thought you loved me once. I cannot bear this suspense any longer. Tell me that you will try and love me—some day. If not, let me go—go my own useless way; and I hope the journey will be a short one."

He spoke very earnestly, but calmly, and Evelyn could see that he meant it, every word. She crossed to him, and laid her hand gently on his.

"Camden, I do love you. It was because I thought you lost to me that I took to this profession. I should have gone to you still as friend and kinsman, had I not seen you that night with poor Gabrielle. I was jealous, Camden—wrongfully, but do not forget in your thought in the balance of your judgment, in censuring the step I took, that I had been wronged. Say nothing now. *He* is dead, and for the sake of what he once was—his last act one of restitution—let us think of him with compassion."

"Painful, indeed, and then, after a little hard breathing, he asked:

"What is the time?"

"Ten minutes past eleven."

"Night?"

"Yes, Ernest," answered Gabrielle.

"The time passes rapidly. Shish! who is that? I hear someone outside the door."

"I will see," said Evelyn, rising and going to the sitting-room door, as a gentle rapping sounded on the panels.

"Hush!" she said, when the visitor entered, and then added: "Ah, Camden, where have you been?"

"Evelyn, my love, at last?" said Camden, who was the fresh arrival.

"Hush! he is dying."

"Poor Doyle! I heard of the dreadful affair—saw it in an evening paper. I have but just escaped from a horrible death myself. Where is he?"

"Is that Hope?" asked Doyle.

"Yes, old fellow, I am here," answered Camden.

"Thank God! Then the villain did not succeed in his work with you?"

"Then he, Conyer Elston, made the brutal attempt upon my life?"

"Yes. How did you escape?"

"The den of infamy was raided by the police, and the wretched creature who lured me there is under arrest, with her accomplices."

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The doctor was sent for, and responded almost instantly to the summons. But he could do nothing, and all through the night this mournful party sat watching the dying man. In the morning a magistrate came and took his deposition, and when he had gone Gabrielle asked if he would like to see a minister.

Doyle seemed to gain momentary energy at that. "Do not insult the cloth," he said pettishly. "I never believed in them during my life, and I am not going to begin now; my end is near, and I am willing to die as I have lived—in my own way."

At ten o'clock a terrible change set in. His face was distorted with agony, and he looked, oh! so terribly aged. He insisted upon being propped up on pillows, and tried to talk. At half-past eleven his pulse became extremely feeble, and he could hardly articulate a word. Ten minutes before twelve his face changed again, becoming strangely calm, and, if anything, the unearthly pallor lent a beauty to it that was never there before.

"Evelyn," he whispered faintly, and smiling one of his old, winning smiles, "if it had been otherwise ordained—if it ——"

Words dropped into unintelligible murmurings, and he seemed to be dozing. With a start he suddenly roused himself.

"Good-bye, my lord," he said. "Take care of her," giving Evelyn's hand into Camden's. "She deserves it. Gabrielle—kiss me, sweetheart—don't let me go! Kiss me good-bye. Thank you, pet—bless you—bless you!"

The clock had just ceased striking the hour of twelve, and the pulse of Ernest Crayford Doyle had just ceased to beat. He had ended his struggles in the troubled sea and gone out with the tide.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

By the extradition treaty, both De Vere and Conyer were given up to the English and conveyed to London. Evelyn did not follow her father, by his own request, as she could do him no good there, and it would necessarily be a long time before the trial came on. Camden, of course, stayed in New York, and urged Evelyn to give up her engagement at once. But her judgment was sounder than his love.

"No," she said quietly; "I will fulfill my engagement, in New York at least."

"But, my dear child, there is no necessity for it, and you can have no possible love for such notoriety."

"My dear cousin, I have got used to it now. I borne it once from necessity, and, indeed, if I remember rightly, you had a penchant for actresses."

Camden colored slightly. He had discovered how he had been beguiled by Gabrielle to serve the purpose of Doyle.

"My dear Eva, I visited Gabrielle Vane as an actress."

"Then be satisfied that I am your cousin."

"Eva, it is time that this coquetry ceased. Since I first learned to love you, I have never lost sight of my purpose of gaining a position for you and worthy of you. I was working hard—literary work—though you never suspected it, and your wishes in the house. A position has come to me more than unexpectedly. I have for one year followed you from city to city, to offer you my fortune, my name and my love. You cannot be indifferent to all this, Eva. I thought you loved me once. I cannot bear this suspense any longer. Tell me that you will try and love me—some day. If not, let me go—go my own useless way; and I hope the journey will be a short one."

He spoke very earnestly, but calmly, and Evelyn could see that he meant it, every word. She crossed to him, and laid her hand gently on his.

"Camden, I do love you. It was because I thought you lost to me that I took to this profession. I should have gone to you still as friend and kinsman, had I not seen you that night with poor Gabrielle. I was jealous, Camden—wrongfully, but do not forget in your thought in the balance of your judgment, in censuring the step I took, that I had been wronged. Say nothing now. *He* is dead, and for the sake of what he once was—his last act one of restitution—let us think of him with compassion."

"Yes, dear Camden, much has already happened—and which has cost you and dear father so much to have kept quiet—what would be said if I suddenly broke my engagement? Too many would know the cause, and I am not without a circle of acquaintances who envy me, and they *would* let the world know everything."

"That is reason."

"Let me go on quietly. Madame can retain her old place by me, and you can escort me to the theatre and home every night. I will complete my engagement in New York, and go no further. I can plead illness and the necessity of my going to Europe."

So the question was settled, and Camden was content to wait, living in the sunshine and glory of his love-dream. She kept her promise, and retired from the stage when her term of engagement closed in New York, and with madame and Camden returned to Europe as Miss Evelyn De Vere—leaving the Desmond in the city to which she had brought it, and where it had gained for her a lasting popularity.

Before the trial of her father came on, her mother, with her little sister, arrived in London, and thus this day was made bright.

The trial was long and tedious. The best of the legal talent of the world was employed on both sides. It took weeks and weeks to sift the evidence and bring forth witnesses, and, when the speeches had been made, the jury retired for a consultation and after two hours De Vere was declared "not guilty," and the silence of the court then burst into a shout of enthusiasm.

But how came the question about De Vere escaping while on bail. After a long discussion, it was decided that he should pay the amount of the bail to the Court, and give recognizances to appear before the Justices when called upon to do so.

Now came Conyer Elston. He was wanted for many charges, and his graveset all was murder. He was remanded for a week, during which time it was decided that the prosecution should withdraw in the fraudulent case.

A new indictment for the murder of Ernest Crayford Doyle was launched out against him, and he was handed over to answer the grave charge before the Italian tribunal.

It is needless to dwell upon him any longer, beyond this, that a year to the very day after his killing poor Doyle a large, hungry crowd witnessed the ignominious hanging of one of the most brilliant, handsome and gifted men that ever graced the gibbet—such they said when he was cut down, and before the slab of his unhallowed grave closed upon him. There were those who had stood foremost in the crowd at his execution who said:

"It was a shame that a splendid-looking man should come to such an end."

The penalty was his own choosing; the end, the inevitable terminus of the life-path through which the Devil leads the way—so he had made the end.

A time came when the Plummer murder was revived. Ellen, who at last had sunk to the very verge of the grave, became sane. She had little Kitty sent for, and, in the presence of the doctors and the magistrates, with her eyes never leaving the pale, pretty face of Kitty Strong, confessed to the murder.

"It is only for her sake that I tell this," she said feebly. "Do as you will with my body; but let the world know, for her sake and her future, that *her* father died to save me. Kitty, forgive me. Your father was innocent. Kiss me and forgive me, darling, and let *my* death be a warning to you."

Kitty, weeping bitterly, stayed by the strange woman until she breathed her last, and was then taken home to dwell upon this last act in the tragedy of her young life. There was more, far more, for her to dwell upon than that sad scene. Growing up, surrounded by the influence of the De Veres and the Falconcourts, she saw much of their lives too. She saw, for she was at the wedding, Evelyn De Vere become Lady De Vere Hope, surrounded by luxury and grandeur—a noble and venerable father and gentle mother amongst those around her. She saw, later on still, Miss Falconcourt, growing into a placid, matronly, splendid woman, led to the altar by a distinguished colonel as wealthy as herself. She saw, too, for she was still within the circle of which Evelyn was the centre, Gabrielle rising day by day higher in public favor and renown; but she was not the only one who saw that the bloom had left the beautiful actress' cheeks, and a spiritual, other-world look had settled in its place. The child-love, torn away by the cruel death of him who had fostered it, went with his spirit; her soul was void, and soon she sank outside the circle and beyond the range of vision of little Kitty. All this and much more our little orphan saw, which space will not permit us to record here. But she never foresaw her own future. The Spring of life had opened cloudless for her. The first blush of Summer came without a dot to mar its celestial loveliness and peace. But there were other times coming, when Kitty would have to brave the showers, the stripped and the clouds of life, the April showery of friendship, the wintry blast of false love, and the dreary, dark paths where avarice, cunning and destruction lurked in the shape of man. But there was a bright vista between her and *that* future; and some day, perhaps, it may be our task to trace this lovely orphan's career through life—a life worth recording, for Kitty had to play her part in a life drama, as well as Evelyn De Vere.

THE END.

A CURIOUS MARRIAGE.—A curious fact in regard to the marriage of John Kemble the actor is told in "Bannister's Memoirs." One of the daughters of a noble lord, formerly holding high office, but then living in retirement, had fallen in love with the graceful and showy actor merely from seeing him on the stage. Kemble was sent for by the father, and, to his astonishment, acquainted with the circumstances. The noble lord told him further that it was in his power to do him either a great evil or a great favor, and that if he would do the latter, by relieving him from all apprehension of the lady's indulging her phantasy, and relieve him effectually by marrying anyone else for whom he might have an attachment, his wife should receive a dower of £5,000. Kemble immediately proposed to Miss Brereton, a pretty actress in the company, and the marriage took place without delay. But the amusing part of the tale is that the afflicted and magnanimous father instantly recovered his spirits and lost his memory. On being applied to for his thousands he declared that he had no recollection whatever of the compact, nor any of the idea, further than some general conversation on such matters with the "very intelligent person in question;" adding "that if he was to pay £5 000 for every whim of his daughter's he must be made poorer than he ever intended to be." It is believed that Kemble never got a shilling from this very sensitive nobleman, and thus for the rest of his life he attached a new value to the vulgar etiquette of signing and sealing beforehand, even with the most plausible of mankind.

"IS THAT GENTLEMAN the first violin?" asked an individual of a reporter, at a late rehearsal, pointing to a well-known face in musical instruments who was mingling with the orchestra. "No," said the paragrapher; "he is only a violin seller."

CENTENNIAL KISSING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Kiss me quick!" cried Kate, "and go!"
"We shall make an exposition
If my pa should find a beau
With me in jux-ta-position!"

Charley kissed her—'twas his fate!
Ah, such kisses are perennial.
"Don't you know, my dearest Kate,
"'Tis the dawning of Centennial?"

"One more kiss before we part!"
(Surely Charley must have blundered)
His the patriotic art
Making one into a hundred.

"Charley, it is growing late,
There is danger in such kisses."
"Dearest Charley!" "Darling Kate!"
Sharing in Centennial blisses.

* * * * * * *

Standing there beside the gate,
Grew their kisses half millennial—
Sweetest way to celebrate
This, the dawning of Centennial. NEMO.

A NIGHT IN A PARIS GAMBLING-HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

It was an ugly experience, and I don't like to think about it. But there is an old saying, which assures us that every evil brings an attendant good; and so my unfortunate experience cured me of a latent propensity for gambling. I think that I must have inherited this proclivity, for I never could resist the temptation—from the days when, a small boy, I staked my best marbles, and won, to the time—but I am anticipating.

Charley Morris and I had been good friends for years. We had sat next each other at school, and had gone through all sorts of scrapes in each other's defense. We had stood shoulder to shoulder through college; had vowed eternal friendship, and, upon my word (it's a rare case, I'll admit), we have kept that vow inviolate. Besides, at the time of which I write I was engaged to be married to his sister Bertha, a bewildering, teasing young blonde, as full of mischief as New York girls generally are.

Well, everything went on smoothly, when, a short time before the wedding-day, there arose a disagreeable necessity for deferring it, for a time at least. The senior partners of the firm to which I had been admitted found it necessary to send me to Paris on important business, and so the wedding must be delayed until my return. Ah! I shudder now, as I remember how nearly I came to making a permanent stay!

With a saddened heart I began my preparations for leaving New York, and they were nearly completed when Charley came to me, one morning, with his honest face all aglow, his big blue eyes shining with excitement, and both hands outstretched to greet me.

"Tom, old boy, what do you think? I'm going with you!"

"Going with me!" I shouted incredulously.

"Yes; I've made all arrangements, and, if I'm not *de trop*, will take a state-room with you, and we'll be off in the Morning Star. You see," he added confidentially, "there's a little matter which my father thinks he can entrust to my management. You remember Armand, our cashier, who ran away, not long ago, with a good, round sum?"

Of course, I knew all about it. There had been excitement enough at the time, for Morris Bros.' was a large establishment, and the papers had been full of the affair.

"Well," continued Charley, "we have at last obtained a slight, a very slight, clue to his whereabouts. He is in Paris, and frequents a certain not overreputable quarter. So, with the assistance of the Paris police—they're always willing now, you know—I may be able to ferret the sinner out. At all events, father says I may try; and it's a fine chance, old boy, to accompany you."

I was glad of any excuse for his company, although in our secret hearts we had little hope of success in the undertaking; yet the last farewells were soon said, and we were speeding towards our destination as fast as the good steamer could carry us.

In Paris at last—the glittering, fascinating, wicked Paris—with its grand rues and majestic boulevards, its noble palaces and tumble-down, crowded houses; its laughing, sunny people in the day-time; its midnight-time, its deeds of darkness. The tall, white stone houses, with their Venetian shutters; the gay, crowded shops and busy streets; the richly-dressed promenaders; the coquettish *bonnes* and pretty *grisettes*—one whirl of excitement and gayety. We saw all the sights—museums, picture-galleries, palaces — went to the theatre, opera, review. Dropped in at the Morgue; saw two or three dead bodies — "unknown," "unclaimed"—shuddered, and dropped out again. And so the days flew by. Although aided by the efficient police of the great city, Charley had made no progress in his search; but now my business was completed, and there was no further excuse for tarrying. One evening I left the private office of Ducros Freres, in the business portion of the city, with a snug sum of money stowed away in an inside pocket. I had been more successful than I had hoped, and was consequently elated and happy. Besides, on the morrow, we were to embark for New York. Home again to Bertha, and our approaching wedding-day. I knew that the firm would not forget the service I had done in procuring this money, and settling an old, long-standing affair between them and Ducros Freres. And so, with all the future looking bright before me, it is no wonder that I was a little absent-minded. It was getting dark as I left the office, and I brushed unceremoniously against a man standing near the doorway—a tall, sallow-faced man with a Vandyke beard, and a cloak over his arm. I apologized.

"It is nothing," was the answer in perfect English.

I felt in my pocket and found the money safe; then I joined Charley, and thought no more of the encounter. We walked together up one street and down another, and finally paused in front of a large, handsome house, which looked like a private residence. Charley ascended the marble steps.

"Why, where are you going?" I asked in some surprise, for I knew that he had no friends in the city.

"Come," he answered. "I understand from the Chief-of-police that somewhere in this building tonight I shall meet Armand, the runaway cashier. This is a gambling-house," he added coolly.

We entered and found ourselves in a long, brilliantly-lighted apartment, with a dozen or two men lounging around, smoking and chatting, while waiters handed refreshments about. In the centre of the room, surrounded by quiet, gentlemanly men, there stood a rouge-et-noir table. Everything was orderly, subdued; the very waiters moved about over the soft, velvet carpet as though they were spirits. There were the cries of *croupier* and *tailleur*, and the faint click of money as the pieces were raked in, and nothing else to break the silence save the low tones of the men who conversed in the background. For a while we stood and watched the progress of the game; my blood seemed on fire, my temples throbbed with excitement, I longed to join the gamblers. Meantime, Charley, with a disappointed glance around the room, whispered to me an entreaty to leave the place.

"No use, Tom," he muttered; "there's no one here answering to the description of Armand. Come, let us go."

But the poison had entered my ve

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

WHAT KING DAVID SAID TO GOLIAH.

BONES.—Eve was a mighty odd woman until she got turned out ub de garden, wan't she?

TAMBO.—Yaas; and she tried to put all dat onto de old serpent.

BONES.—Dat was fruitless.

TAMBO.—Why so?

BONES.—Bekase it all resulted from a difference between an apple and a *pear* (*pair*).

TAMBO.—Futty hot weder we've been habin' lately.

BONES.—Yaas, indeedy; but we had a putty hefey thunderstorm too de oder night.

TAMBO.—I was out in dat storm; lightnind awful. Did you hear bout dat *crow* what got struck by lightnin'?

BONES.—No; how was it?

TAMBO.—Why, he got up 'longside ub a shed while de rain lasted.

BONES.—I suppose he thought it *would shed* de rain.

TAMBO.—So it did, but it drew de lightnin' too, and a big bolt hit Jim Crow kersmash on de top ub his head, and made de sparks fly fro his crinkling wool like a black-and-tan poodle with his hair saterated in kerosene and sot on fire.

BONES.—Um, um.

TAMBO.—It made dat dark jump, and what do you think he said?

BONES.—Gub it up.

TAMBO.—He neber budged an inch from where he stood, but, shakin' himself together, he growled: "Try it on again, won't yer? Dat's free times I'se been hit, and now I shouldn't wonder if you'd leave dis nigger alone."

BONES.—Tambo, kin you tell me why King David compared himself to a flea?

TAMBO.—Skipped my memory.

BONES.—Bekase Saul had slain his thousands, but could neber catch David.

TAMBO.—Do you know what David said to de big giant when he came out blowin', and challingin' de Israelites to immortal combat?

TAMBO.—Ober my head.

BONES.—Well, he said: "*Go, liar*, I'll cook your mutton." Den Goliah said: "Dry up, you little cloister—you can't get a head ob me." But he did, and it's reckoned dat it was de biggest head on record. Den withstandin' de hormous corpacity ub de giant's mouf for hot whiskey, one little *sling* staggered and *slewed him* completely.

INTERLOCUTOR.—That is pretty good for you, Sam, and now we'll hear from Signor Tarrymesi:

Farewell, Elean.

BY LEONARD WHEELER.

Farewell, Elean! Ere the sunset is burning,
Over the ocean wild far must I roam;
And ere in glory his smiles are returning,
Sadly I'll wander away from my home.
And sweet Elean, when the roses are sleeping,
When nature's tear-drops are falling, then tell—
Tell to the bright stars, their night vigil keeping—
Tell them I loved thee, but bade thee farewell.
Chorus.—Farewell! We part, and it may be forever;
Farewell, Elean, I must bid thee farewell.
Ah, my poor heart! if it must be forever,
Farewell, Elean, then forever farewell.

Farewell, Elean! Oh, sad will I wander,
Friendless, alone, o'er the sea's lonely crest;
But still I shall hope to meet thee up yonder,
Where there's no parting, and all are at rest.
Farewell, Elean! Oh, my poor heart is breaking—
Ah, cruel word, it is ringing my knell:
On thy pale eyelids the tear-drops are shaking,
Then, dear Elean, I must bid thee farewell.
Chorus.—Farewell! We part, and it may be forever, etc.

THE OPENING OF THE ARCH-STREET THEATRE,
Philadelphia, Pa., in 1858.

W. R. Snell of Philadelphia sends us a programme of the above event, a copy of which is annexed. The managers were William Wheatley and John S. Clarke. The former is residing in retirement in this city, and the latter is pursuing the profession in London, Eng. Mrs. Gladstane passed through this city recently, en route to Australia; Mrs. John Drew still follows the profession, being manageress of the same theatre; Mrs. John Gilbert died in this city April 27, 1866; Mrs. N. P. Thayer died in Atlantic City, N. J., July 22, 1873; Miss Emma Taylor died in this city Feb. 24, 1863; Georgiana Kinlock died in Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 23, 1864; Mrs. Nichols and her daughter Caroline are, we think, living in retirement; John Gilbert is a member of Wallack's company in this city; Mr. Chapman retired from the profession some years ago and is practicing law in Philadelphia; L. R. Shewell is the manager of the Boston (Mass.) Theatre; E. N. Thayer died in Philadelphia, Pa., April 4, 1870; S. D. Johnson died there April 24, 1863; J. H. Wright is now prompter at Wallack's Theatre in this city; G. W. Gile retired from the stage at the breaking-out of the late Civil War, and entered the army. He was wounded, and afterwards commanded a colored regiment in Veterans' Corps; W. H. Wallis is still before the public; William Stearns died in Philadelphia Jan. 29, 1861; John McCullough is now manager of the California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal.; D. Reilly, John L. Street, Walter Bean, and J. L. Saphore are before the public; W. S. Fredericks is living in retirement; Wm. Wood died in Baltimore, Md., July 31, 1862; John Wiser died in Rahway, N. J., Dec. 17, 1873; J. M. B. Whitton was lately treasurer at the National Theatre, Philadelphia.

WHEATLEY & CLARKE'S ARCH-STREET THEATRE.

Messrs. WHEATLEY & CLARKE beg leave to inform the public and their numerous patrons that this popular theatre will open for the regular Fall and Winter season on SATURDAY EVENING, AUG. 14, 1858,

with an improved and greatly augmented star company, forming an unapproachable combination of artistic talent, no expense having been spared to render it equal to the perfect production of the highest order of dramatic literature, on a scale of surpassing excellence hitherto unattempted in this city. The star company will consist of many old favorites, and also several brilliant new ones, and dates for public approval, introducing the names of the following distinguished artists:

MRS. JOHN DREW,	MR. L. R. SHEWELL,
From the Boston Theatre—her first appearance.	His first appearance for four years.
MRS. JOHN WOOD,	MR. J. H. WRIGHT,
MISS KATE NAGLE,	From Wallack's Theatre—first appearance.
MISS C. REED,	MR. JOHN BRADLEY,
MISS ELIZA CLIFTON,	MR. D. REILLY,
MR. JOHN GILBERT,	MR. WM. LITTLE
His first appearance in Philadelphia for five years.	MRS. JOHN GILBERT,
MR. JOHN DOLMAN,	Her first appearance in Philadelphia for five years.
MR. S. D. JOHNSON,	MISS GEORGIANA KINLOCK,
From the Boston Theatre—first appearance in this city.	Her first appearance for four years.
MR. W. H. WALLIS,	MRS. NICHOLS,
MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH,	MISS MARIA PEMBERTON,
MR. WALTER BENN,	MRS. SAPHORE,
MR. L. SAPHORE,	MISS MARY THOMPSON,
MR. JOHN DREW,	MR. J. S. CLARKE,
Her first appearance in 12 months.	MR. E. N. THAYER,
MISS EMMA TAYLOR,	MR. G. W. GILE,
MISS CAROLINE NICHOLS	MR. WM. STEARNS,
MISS JULIA JONES,	MR. JOHN STREET,
MR. JAMES E. WALSH,	MR. JAMES ANDERSON,
MR. WM. WHEATLEY,	MR. WILLIAM HESS.

Acting and stage manager.....Mr. W. S. Fredericks
Prompter and stage-director.....Mr. G. W. Gile
Principal pantomimist and ballet-master.....Mr. Wm. Wood
Scenic artist.....Mr. John Wiser
Director of the orchestra.....Mr. Charles R. Bodsworth
Machinist.....Mr. William Murphy
Appointment maker.....Mr. Barrett
Wardrobe keeper.....Mr. Frank Johnson

The management, sincerely and gratefully appreciating the unexampled favor showered upon the productions of this theatre for the preceding five seasons, beg leave to state to their patrons and the public that it is the earnest intention to produce in rapid succession during the season, and in a manner commensurate with their importance, the most popular plays, both of the immortal bard, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Knowles, Bulwer, Scott, etc., and also to revive many of the too long neglected works of the old English dramatists.

During the recess the theatre has undergone an entire renovation, the dome has been newly painted by Mr. Geo. Wunderlich; a new drop-curtain from the pencil of Mr. John Wiser will be exhibited for the first time.

The season will commence with Sheridan's great comedy of THE RIVALS,

with a distribution unequaled by any other establishment in America.

Treasurer.....J. M. B. WHITTON

OUR BOYS.

BY GEORGE THE HARTY BOY.

Scene—Abner Jones' father's back-yard. Boys meet for a friendly talk.

FIRST BOY (whose father works in a feather foundry): I love the merry Spring-time, when the birds begin to sing: When you can go barefooted and all that sort of thing; No skeeters have begun to bite, your vest you need not wear;
And if you're told to "pull it down," of course you do not care.

SECOND BOY (whose father is foreman in a sponge-factory):
I love the sultry Summer; I wish it were here.
I'd get a big cheese sandwich, and fill myself with beer;
I'd buy a great big "schooner;" I tell you that's the thing—
It beats yer Fall and Winter, or even genile Spring.

THIRD BOY (who aint got no father, cos he's dead-drunk):
I love the pleasant Autumn, the sweetest time of year.
When cool refreshing breezes can "whistle off on yer ear;"
And then can go for apples when no one be's around,
And suck some cider through a straw—"you bet you," there I'm found.

FOURTH BOY (He aint got no folks, too, because his daddy licks him, and he won't go home no more):
Oh, don't I love the Winter, as through the park we go!
With skates ten cents an hour we're gliding to and fro;
And you can take your sweetness, who is to be your bride,
And if she cannot skate, you know, why, you can let her slide.

Grand Chorus.

Oh, don't I love the Summer! "bif" the Winter, Fall and Spring;
Oh, cheese it, cully—hold yer gab—get out, ye hateful thing;
Oh, you're too fresh—close up yer mouth—I'll hit ye in the snoot;
Wha-d-say?—go hire a hall—git out, ye big galoot.

A PERFORMANCE BY A COLORED DRAMATIC TROUPE
in this city in 1872.

John Pendy contributes a bill of the above-named event, a copy of which is annexed. Mr. P. is strongly impressed that these were the first public performances ever given in this city by colored persons to which money was demanded for admission.

THE GRAND EVENT.

Edwin Rupert and John Pendy.....Managers
PYTHAGORAS HALL, 134 AND 136 CANAL STREET.
MONDAY EVENING, JULY 1, 1872.
FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE AFRICAINE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION,

the only colored organization now before the public.

A CARD.—The management begs to state that after several months of careful preparation they have been enabled to cull together the following colored artists, and submit them to the public for approval and patronage.

Entertainments will be given weekly, and they trust to meet with a liberal support from the colored class.

The performance on Monday evening will commence with the old standard comedy, in five acts, entitled

THE HONEYMOON.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Duke Aranza (first appearance).....Mr. Geo. E. Cruger
Count Montalban (first appearance).....Mr. Frank Thompson
Rolando (first appearance).....Mr. F. D. Hutchinson
Balthazar (first appearance).....Mr. Alfred Leary
Jacques (first appearance).....Mr. Jos. L. Gaddy
Pedro (first appearance).....Mr. T. K. Jackson
Lopez (first appearance).....Mr. G. A. Lounds
Jampanet (first appearance).....Mr. Phil. S. Thompson
Juliana (first appearance).....Miss Linda De Castro
Zamora (first appearance).....Miss Zamia De Castro
Volante (first appearance).....Miss Amelia Moore
Hostess (first appearance).....Miss Anna Livingstone
Courtiers, Ladies in Waiting, etc., by members of the company.

N. B.—On Monday evening next, July 8, will be presented "The Lady of Lyons" and "A Kiss in the Dark," when Miss Amelia Moore will appear.

Admission, 50 cents, to be obtained of members, and at the hall only.

N. B.—Select music will be in attendance. Doors open at 7 P. M.; overture at 8.

CORRECTION.—In reviewing a performance given by the Harmoneons in Quincy, Mass., in 1856, in our past issue, we stated that James Power was living in retirement in Boston, Mass., and was recently an alderman in that city. That belief was based upon information furnished some time ago by a gentleman residing in Boston, and whom we thought was in a position to know the facts. "J. H. B." now writes us from that city to this effect: "I say of my own knowledge that James Power, who was an alderman here, was never connected with the Harmoneons."

SWEED KADRINE.

AIR.—"*Letter in the Candle*."
BY ROBERT McKAY.

Id vas ad a Germon pignic
Dot I read med sweed Kadrine;
She vas standing on der blatform
In a redt dress drimmed mid green;
I valked uh und I asked her
Vould she dance der nexd squadrille—
I never can forgod der schmile
Vid vich she saidt "I vill."

Chorus.—Sweed, sweed Kadrine,
I cand forgod about
Der adyle in vich she pud away
Der peer and sourkroud;
Sweed, sweed Kadrine,
I cand forgod about
Dot ven I ield dot pignig
I vas dwendy schillings oud.

Ven der pignig id vas ofer,
Und der fun vas all blayed oud,
Kadorina gailed a fellow
Who vas standing in a growd.
Says she: "Dis is my husband,"
Und den dc me did say:
"Ofer der rifer," "Skib der gudder."
As wid him she skibbed away.

Chorus.—Sweed, sweed Kadrine, etc.

BURLESQUE MINSTREL PROGRAMME

J. A. Benedict of Philadelphia, Pa., sends a burlesque programme, which was issued in that city some years ago, and which hits in a telling manner the foibles of some well-known members of the minstrel profession. It was received with good humor when issued, and we reprint it now simply as a curiosity.

LOOK OUT FOR THE BLACK PLAIN MINSTRELS!
HOTEL-KEEPERS AND CONDUCTORS, TAKE WARNING.

WILL PERFORM AT.....ON.....

The manager, in introducing this talented company to the public, wishes them to look at the record of the accomplished artists that compose this talented company; first among them stands the name of

PROF. HEN PHIPP, the Juggler, Strong Man and Goat-tamer. He was born about the year 1776 in the classic regions of Shadville, in the Wooden-nutmeg State; his parents were wealthy but honest. As an artist with a knife and fork, he stands without a rival. He has been offered most flattering engagements during the war to visit Fort Lafayette, but his modesty compelled him to decline.

PATSY SHEPPARD and his Beautiful Blonde, JIMMY GALLAGHER, whose songs and dances were received with the greatest enthusiasm by the bears and bushwhackers of Black Plains, are natives of the Fejee Islands, and were brought to this country by the king of humbugs, Barnum—more grease for the Black Plain Minstrels.

PROF. JIM MORAN, the principal Balladist and Jigist, came to this country with his parents in the Mayflower. His plaintive melodies create the greatest enthusiasm wherever he appears; he has been known to have two bushels of potatoes, twenty-five cabbages, twenty dozen eggs, beets, turnips and other little tokens of regard presented to him on the stage during his singing of the beautiful ballad, "Dear Mother, I've come Home to Eat."

MONSIEUR JACK ROACH, Fakir and Chinist—His astounding feats in magic stamp him the greatest all-round performers. As a hider, he is a great success, for he has been known to give his girl a hiding once a week for a year, just to keep his hand in; and while nobly fighting for his country in a sutler's tent, he hid more than the sutler could. As a chinist he is second to none, for we can safely say that he has talked more boarding house keepers, gin butchers, washwomen, tailors and shoemakers blind than any performer now upon the stage.

SIGNOR STALKER, the Trick Violinist and Performer on the Horizontal Bar, is a native of Dublin, in the north of Germany. He is willing to give instructions to a select party of young ladies, in the use of the horizontal bar, in any of the rooms where we may show.

MASTER LARRY, whose wonderful feat of walking on the ceiling, head downwards, has stamped him as the "Nonpareil," was bred from A. Thoroughbred and sired by A. Ham-letonian.

THE WANDERING JEW, MR. CHARLES RALPH, from Monkeytown, whose principal act is a bottle fight with Newboy, commonly called, outside of the profession, Medford Rum.

PROF. JIM KENNEDY, Agent, the honestest man in the business. He has been known to carry back an umbrella that he borrowed, and bring away a gold watch. People need not be afraid of him who have nothing in their pockets.

PLEASE LOOK AT OUR PROGRAMME.

Overture, with decanter and tumbler accompaniment.

Opening Chorus.....By the Hash-Eaters
Song, "Little More Cider".....Sheppard
Ballad, "Little More Cider, with Rum in It".....Moran
Song, "Little Cider Brandy".....Phipp
Ditty, "Plain Gin in Mine".....Roach
Finale, "Quickstep Up to the Bar".....Full Company
Intermission of Ten Minutes for Drinks.

PART II.

PROF. PHIPP and his trained Goat in their Tricks.

Song-and-dance, "Love Among the Roses," by the Fejee Islanders, SHEPARD AND GALLAGHER.

MORAN, in his Wild Irish Jig.

STALKER and SHEPPARD in their celebrated Trick Violin Solo.

MASTER LARRY will execute the feat of Walking on the Ceiling Head Downward.

ROACH the Fakir, in his Tricks of Legerdemain, showing how some things can be done as well as others. People would do well to watch him in some of his tricks, as he has been known to transfer pocket-books and watches from their pockets into his and forget where he had hid them.

PROF. PHIPP, in his Feat of Strength. He bends a cast-iron bar across his naked arm, balances a rock weighing half a ton on his arm, and swallows three or four gin cocktails with the greatest of ease.

The performance will conclude with the WILD ARABS in their celebrated scenes of Dutch Whirling, which will astonish and astound the beholders.

Manager, JOHNNY DONNELLY, Black Plains, to whom all communications must be addressed. Managers of first-class theatres would do well to engage this troupe for all soirées, sociables, bummers and gin-punishers.

ADMISSION.—A Large Bottle of Wine.

The celebrated Trombone-player and Gin Wrestler, JIMLY RYAN, is engaged, and will shortly appear in his new sensation entitled "Ten Nights in a Barroom." HALEY and SKUCE, the unrivaled Club-swingers, will shortly appear by the kind permission of Col. Vial.

PRETTY JIM KENNEDY, Agent.

OLD DARKY'S LAMENT.

To FRANK CUSHMAN.
BY JEAN E. FORRESTAL.

De ole man will putty soon be gone;
Yes, gone to dat lan' ob de blest;
Whar de angels will sing him to sleep,
An' his poor, tired soul be at rest.

Dis poor ole bulk am weary an' forlorn;
Dese eyes dey war sighless long ago.
My many trubbles oh make me weep,
An' wish dat I could leab dis 'arth below.

Many years ago, I war down in ole Kintuck,
I had wife an' chil'n bofe to comfort me;
But now dey hab all gone up above,
An' I'se left here humbly to wait on see.

Dose days I seemed to hab de bes' ob luck,
For ole mass he war kind; and missy, too;
Dey war always as an' chilled per by.
But now dey's gone, an' I'll bid you adieu.

BASEBALL.

ALLEGHENY vs. BUCKEYE.

The celebrated Buckeye Club of Columbus, O., made their appearance in Allegheny City, Pa., July 24, and, playing a poorer game than is their wont, they were forced to succumb to the Alleghenians, who worked up to their accustomed standard of excellence:

ALLEGHENY.	T.	R.	PO.	A.	E.
Quest, 2d b.....	5	1	6	2	1
Nelson, s. s.....	5	1	2	5	1
McKelvey, p.....	5	0	0	0	0
Cummings, 3d b.....	5	1	2	3	1
Hagan, r. f.....	4	1	2	0	0
Lane, c.....	4	1	0	2	1
Rocap, l. f.....	4	1	4	0	0
Wilkinson, 1st b.....	4	0	9	1	0
Hamm, c. f.....	4	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	40	6	27	13	4

BUCKEYE.	T.	R.	PO.	A.	E.
Burke, s. s.....	4	1	1	5	0
Dodds, c. f.....	4	1	0	0	0
Foran, 1st b.....	4	0	11	1	4
Simmons, r. f.....	4	0	1	0	0
Streif, 2d b.....	5	0	0	3	0
Barnie, c.....	3	0	12	1	4
Doscher, 3d b.....	3	1	2	3	2
Shanley, l. f.....	4	0	1	0	0
Turbody, s. s.....	4	0	0	2	1
Thomas, r. f.....	3	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	37	3	27	15	12

Allegheny.....	0	0	0	0	2	4	0	0	0—6
Buckeye.....	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0—3

Earned runs—Buckeye, 1. Passed balls—Lane, 1; Barnie, 2. Wide pitch—Nolan, 1. Bases on called balls—On Nolan, 2; on McKelvey, 1. Double-play—Nelson, Wilkinson and Cummings. Two-base hits—Rocap, 1; Nolan, 1. Umpire, Ed. Williamson, Neshannock Baseball Club.

On Wednesday afternoon, July 26, they met again, and this time the home club gained a still more creditable victory than in the preceding contest.

ALLEGHENY.	T.	R.	PO.	A.	E.
Quest, 2d b.....	4	2	3	4	0
Nelson, s. s.....	4	0	2	1	0
McKelvey, p.....	4	0	0	2	0
Cummings, 3d b.....	4	1	3	0	1
Rocap, l. f.....	4	1	4	0	1
Hagan, r. f.....	4	0	1	0	0
Lane, c.....	5	1	1	2	3
Wilkinson, 1st b.....	4	0	10	0	1
Hamm, c. f.....	3	1	1	1	1
Totals.....	36	7	27	10	8

BUCKEYE.	T.	R.	PO.	A.	E.
Burke, s. s.....	4	1	1	5	0
Dodds, c. f.....	4	0	0	0	1
Foran, 1st b.....	4	0	10	0	1
Simmons, r. f.....	4	0	1	0	0
Streif, 2d b.....	5	0	6	1	1
Barnie, c.....	4	0	7	2	1
Doscher, 3d b.....	4	0	1	3	1
Nolan, p.....	4	1	2	1	3
Mansell, l. f.....	3	0	1	2	0
Totals.....	36	2	27	14	11

Allegheny.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	0—7
Buckeye.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Earned run—Allegheny, 1. Bases on called balls—On Nolan, 2; on McKelvey, 2. Double-plays—McKelvey, Nelson and Wilkinson; Burke and Streif. Passed balls—Lane, 3; Barnie, 3. Wide pitches—McKelvey, 1; Nolan, 3. Umpire, Ed. Williamson.

LIVE OAK vs. RHODE ISLAND.

These clubs opened the first of a series of three games for a prize of $300 at the Providence, R. I., grounds, July 25, before a crowd of about 1,500 spectators. The home team, who were guilty of many more errors than usual with them, were defeated, as under:

LIVE OAK.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Hall, s. s.....	2	3	1	1	0
Tipper, l. f.....	0	0	3	0	1
Hawkes, 2d b.....	1	1	3	3	0
Williams, 3d b.....	1	3	1	1	0
Shattuck, 1st b.....	0	1	9	0	0
Bradley, p.....	0	1	1	4	0
Caskins, c.....	0	1	8	1	1
Allen, c. f.....	1	0	1	0	0
Wilson, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	5	10	27	10	2

RHODE ISLAND.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b.....	1	2	4	3	1
Critchley, p.....	0	1	2	2	0
Barry, c. f.....	1	2	3	0	0
Keenan, c.....	2	3	6	0	0
Williams, 1st b.....	0	1	9	0	0
Hanlon, 3d b.....	0	1	1	2	0
Tobin, 1st b.....	0	0	10	0	1
Shanley, l. f.....	0	1	1	0	0
Turbody, s. s.....	0	0	0	2	0
Thomas, r. f.....	0	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	4	11	38	9	2

Live Oak.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	0—5
Rhode Island.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0—4

Wild pitch—Critchley, 1. Passed balls—Keenan, 3; Williams, 2. Bases on called balls—On Rhode Island, 3. Earned runs—Live Oak, 3; Rhode Island, 1. Total bases—Live Oak, 14; Rhode Island, 12. Umpire, F. B. Mitchell, late of the Mutes.

The second game was contested on the 26th, on the same grounds, and was witnessed by a greater throng than before. The friends of the Oaks were present in force, and so confident were they that they offered long odds on their favorites, who succeeded in winning one of the finest games ever witnessed in New England. Having thus won two games in succession, the purse became their property.

LIVE OAK.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Hall, s. s.....	1	1	3	6	1
Tipper, l. f.....	0	0	5	0	0
Hawkes, 2d b.....	0	1	1	1	1
Williams, 3d b.....	1	0	1	2	0
Shattuck, 1st b.....	0	0	9	0	0
Bradley, p.....	0	0	2	2	0
Caskins, c.....	0	2	12	2	0
Allen, c. f.....	0	1	2	0	0
Wilson, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	2	5	35	13	2

RHODE ISLAND.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b.....	0	0	3	4	1
Critchley, p.....	0	1	2	2	0
Barry, c. f.....	0	1	1	0	0
Keenan, c.....	0	1	7	1	0
Hanlon, 3d b.....	0	0	0	3	0
Tobin, 1st b.....	0	0	14	0	1
Shanley, l. f.....	0	0	0	0	1
Turbody, s. s.....	0	0	0	2	0
Thomas, c.....	0	1	1	1	1
Totals.....	0	3	27	15	5

Live Oak.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2
Rhode Island.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

First base on errors—Rochester, 6; Carbondale, 2. Total bases—Rochester, 12; Carbondale, 5. Runs earned—Rochester, 3. Balls pitched—Wilbur, 109; Park, 124. Strikes called—Wilbur, 31; Park, 15. Umpire, John A. Curran of the San Francisco Club.

MUTUAL vs. FALL RIVER.

One of the finest games of the season was played at Fall River, Mass., July 26, between the Mutuals (professional) of Brooklyn and Fall Rivers.

FALL RIVER.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Crane, 3d b.....	2	1	4	5	1
Canary, l. f.....	1	1	2	0	1
Kagan, r. f.....	0	0	4	0	0
Muirie, s. s.....	1	0	0	1	0
Conners, c. f.....	0	1	2	0	0
Buller, p.....	0	1	5	1	2
Wright, s. s.....	0	1	1	2	0
Nichols, p.....	0	1	0	0	1
Knowdell, c.....	0	0	9	0	0
McGee, r. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	4	6	27	9	5

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Holdsworth, c. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Start, 1st b.....	2	4	9	0	1
Treacy, l. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Hallinan, s. s.....	0	1	1	3	1
Craver, 2d b.....	1	1	2	3	0
Hicks, c.....	0	1	4	1	0
Mathews, p.....	0	0	0	4	0
Nichols, 3d b.....	0	0	0	4	3
Totals.....	3	7	18	15	5

Fall River.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0—4
Mutual.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0—3

Runs earned—Boston, 5. Two-base hit—Hicks. Struck out—Brown, Hicks. First base on errors—Boston, 6; Mutual, 8. Passed ball—Brown, 1. Wild pitches—Mathews, 3. Strikes called—Manning, 12; off Mathews, 12; off Buller, 1. Balls called—on Manning, 15; on Mathews, 13. Wild throws—Schafer, Hicks, Mathews, Nichols. Muffed flies—Whitney, Start, Booth. Umpire, Mr. Sumner of Boston. Time, 2h. 14m

Another crushing defeat was sustained by the Mutes on Thursday, when they again met the Reds:

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Geo. Wright.....	3	3	2	6	2
Leonard.....	3	3	6	0	0
O'Rourke.....	3	3	2	0	1
Murnan.....	3	3	2	0	1
Brown.....	2	2	6	2	0
Morrill.....	3	2	3	0	1
Manning.....	1	2	0	1	0
Schafer.....	0	2	0	1	0
Whitney.....	1	1	0	0	0
Totals.....	18	21	27	12	4

CINCINNATI.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Holdsworth.....	0	2	2	0	0
Start.....	0	3	5	0	1
Tipper, l. f.....	0	1	2	0	0
Hawkes, 2d b.....	1	1	3	2	0
Williams, 3d b.....	0	2	4	0	1
Shattuck, 1st b.....	0	1	10	1	0
Bradley, p.....	0	0	0	6	0
Shanley, l. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Allen, c. f.....	0	0	2	0	0
Caskins, c.....	1	0	6	1	0
Wilson, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	2	10	35	10	2

Boston.....	4	1	0	0	4	0	0	6	3—18
Mutual.....	0	0	2	3	0	0	0	0	0—5

Total bases on hits—Boston, 25; Mutual, 13. First base on errors—Boston, 7; Mutual, 2. Passed ball—Hicks, 1. Time, 2h. 40m.

OLYMPIC vs. PICKED NINE.

Probably the finest game ever played in California took place in San Francisco on Wednesday afternoon, July 19. The attendance at the grounds was rather limited, scarcely three hundred spectators being present, among whom the fair sex was largely represented. The fielding was sharp on both sides, especially in the case of the regular nine. The pitching of both Adams and Tracy was remarkably effective, the latter being the swifter of the two, but the former more strategic. White distinguished himself for a beautiful one-handed running catch in the third inning and a couple of brilliant two-base hits. Harry Fish displayed excellent judgment in the field and was effective at the bat. Tracy handled McAdams' twisters with professional promptitude, and got under several difficult fouls with praiseworthy agility. On the side of the field nine, Coe, Taylor, McAttee and Benton were first at the bat and in the field.

OLYMPIC.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
White, s. s.....	1	2	1	3	0
Southworth, c. f.....	1	1	2	0	0
Smith, 3d b.....	1	2	1	2	2
Fish, l. f.....	0	2	1	0	0
Tracy, p.....	0	1	0	7	0
Hall, 1st b.....	0	1	9	0	1
McAdams, p.....	0	1	0	0	0
Elliston, r. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Taylor, c.....	0	0	3	5	2
Totals.....	3	10	18	17	5

PICKED NINE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Coe, s. s.....	0	1	1	4	1
Taylor, c.....	0	0	4	1	0
Fox, 3d b.....	0	0	4	1	0
McAttee, l. f.....	1	1	1	0	0
Benton, p.....	0	0	0	2	0
Dutton, 2d b.....	0	0	2	2	1
Saunders, r. f.....	0	0	0	1	0
Hicks, c.....	0	0	3	0	0
Beckon, c. f.....	1	2	0	0	0
Totals.....	2	5	30	10	6

Olympic.....	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	1—3
Pick'd Nine.....	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0—2

Left on bases—Olympic, 7; Picked Nine, 8. Double-plays—Coe, Taylor and Fox. Passed balls—Taylor, 1; Picked Nine, 1. Umpire, Geo. E. B. Beck.

CHICAGO vs. LOUISVILLE.

Full score of game played at Chicago, Ill., July 22:

CHICAGO.	R.	1B.	PO.	E.
Barnes, 2d b.....	5	2	1	2
Peters, s. s.....	5	1	2	2
McVey, 1st b.....	4	6	9	2
Anson, 3d b.....	2	3	2	0
White, c. f.....	5	3	1	0
Hines, c. f.....	2	2	3	1
Spalding, p.....	2	3	3	1
Bielaski, r. f.....	3	3	0	0
Glenn, l. f.....	3	4	2	1
Totals.....

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

☞ Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, July 31.

LADIES' LIST.

Alexander, Miss fe.
Armond, Arzena
Alexander, Sara
Avery, Carrie
Atkinson, Maude
Arnold, Ella
Barry, Virginia E.
Bathelor, Pauline
Blodgett, Etta (2)
Boyd, Jessie
Bloom, Chicago Comb
Bowman, Laura
Belvill, Nellie
Bland, Mrs.
Bland, Edith
Cook, Mrs. Wooda
Christie, Frankie
Cary, Susie
Cushman, Cora
Conard, Leona
Coleman Sisters
Croiln, Mina
Capers, Bertie
Clark, Mrs. Maggie
Carrew, Mrs. Adelina
Crayton, Gussie
Cushing, Bella (vocalist)
Clifton, Mrs. Howard
Davis, Ella (vocalist)
De Forest, Miss J. O
De Yon, Adele
Dargon, Augusta L.
Daly, Ida
Duckett, Mrs. E.
Durand, Kittie (2)
Dalton, Cathrine
Don, Laura
Daiille, Madam
Everett, Ella
Empire Children
Edwards, Miss Lou
Fox, Annie J.
Flint, Laura
Fox, Mrs. Annie
Fox, Mrs. Julia W.
Florence, Minnie A.
Gilmore, Alice (late of Chicago)
Gray, Maude (statue bit)
Gilbert, Katie (of Nugent's Co.) 3c.
Guy, Mamie
Gorioux, Adella
Granger, Maude
Gray, Miss Oscar
Gray, Ada
Howard, Lillian
Howard, Mrs. Virginia
Herbert, Carrie
Herbert, Bertha
Hawthorne, Hattie
Knight, Fannie
Kunkel, Mrs. Addie
Kane, Mrs. M. J.
Kurtz, Antanet
Lee, Ida (artist)
Lamond, Lotta
Lee, Minnie (vocalist)
Le Clair, Laura
Lawrence, Nellie
Lloyd, Miss M. C. F.
Lotwar, Sidney
Leigh, Maude
Laurent, Edna
Lee, Minnie
Linden, Lillie
Leona, Mlle.
Loder, Minnie
May, Clara (vocalist)
Martyne, Mrs. Millie E. 6c.
McClain, Mrs. Alice 3c.
Marshall, Mrs. Palmyra
Miles, Miss S.
Malvern, Tillie
Meyers, Mrs. F. W.
May, Georgie
Mitchell, Maggie
McGill, Sadie
Mayo, Ella
Montague, Fannie
Markley, Edna
Oates, Mrs. J. A.
Pauline, La Belle
Preston, Mrs.
Post, Mrs. M.
Preston, Isabella
Potter, Ella J.
Rainford, Alice
Russell, Mad. (with Peak Family)
Renard, Zelia
Rowe, Bertha
Rosetta, Mlle. (trapezeist)
Ryan, Mrs. Belvil
Swinburne, Marie
Sanyeah, Mrs. Saml. (3)
Selwyn, Blanche
Saroney, Nellie
Sauret, Madam
Seabourne, Alice
Street, Mrs. Martha
Stowe, Emma
Stanley, Maude
Schott, Angelique
Seddons, Annie
Violetta, Mlle
Warner, Miss F.
Winner, Sisters
Weber, Lisa
Woods, Carrie
Wyndham, Alice
Woods, Carrie
Watson, Carrie
Wildman's Co.,
Agent Clara
Weathersby, Eliza
Wharton, Mrs. Carrie
Zoerner, Anna

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Atkins, W. A. 6c.
Atkins, Geo.
Adler, Max
Adams, C. (late A. & Ransom)
Aia, — (gymnast) (2)
Adams, Chas.
Bernard, Alf.
Bryan, Wm.
Brown, Gust.
Brahams, The
Begley, Jas.
Blaisdell, W. B.
Burke, J. W.
Bell, Harry B.
Brunaux, Emile
Blanche, F. L.
Brown, B. (of N. O. Min.)
Brufley, E. C. (2)
Benedict, "Lew"
Bryant, Neil
Beresford, Frank
Burnett, Alt.
Blanchard, W. E.
Bowe, J.
Bush, I. T.
Baker, Jno. (late of Cincinnati, O.)
Backus, Chas.
Beier, F.
Barry, Wm.
Bode, E.
Bloodgood, Harry
Barnabee, H. C.
Bisbee, Frank
Blackford, J. T.
Byron, Arthur
Beel, Frank
Bock, Fred.
Brennan, A. (with Prof. Andrus)
Boyd, Chas. (song-and-dance)
Brown, W. H.
Blood, Col. J. H.
Braham, Harry (comed.)
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Crosby, Chas. (manager)
Carter, Barry
Chapman, Frank
Chapin, J. H.
Codona, Harry
Carson, "Kit"
Cleary, "Ned"
Castello, Geo.
Case, W. (of K. Put nam's Co.)
Cahill, Wm.
Caldwell, L. D.
Cooper & Fields
Carroll, Barney" (circus "biz")
Chace, W. (of Chace & Davis)
Cooper, Frank C.
Colby, G. W.
Cook & Magiuley
Carroll & Ross
Cullen, John
Cole, "Lew"
Carter, Charles
Campbell, J. K.
Conklin, W. C. 6c.
Clarke, "Kit" (2)
Cawthorne, Herbert S.
Cottrell, Frank G.
Casedy, Geo.
Carson, Jr., "Kit"
Coule, A. Sc.
Christie, Frankie
Clayton, W. S.
Cook, J. H.
Coleman, M. P. (2)
Clapham, Harry J.
Charvat, F. (gymnast)
Donaldson, F. J.
Delano, "Jepp"
DeVere, Chas. N.
Davis, C. H. (late of Hart's Cir.)
Dutton, Wm.
Dearborn, J. W.
Devlin, Rich. (Irish comed.)
Dobson, Frank
DeMott, Eugene J.
Dixon, Geo. W.
Dalton, E. B.
Douglas, J. A.
Dupree, Chas. H. (2)
De Haven, Chas. (late of St. Louis)
Dailey, T. F.
Davis, W. H.
Derby, H. W.
Daly, W. J. (musician)
Delmanning, "Archie"
Denier, John
Durand, W. W.
Emerson, W. (song-and-dance) 6c.
Edwards, C. G.
Eubank, J.
Eades, Harry
Everett, Paul
Eckert, Prof. Jno.
Earl, R. B.
Emisson, (with "Fattie" Stewart)
Edwards, C. (minst. "biz")
Ernl, Sig. (gymnast)
Elder, Matt.
Fielding, John
Felton, Fred. (actor)
Flemming, Hy.
Frederick
Fitzsimmons, Wm.
Furbish, C. E.
Forrest, Harry
Foote, Mr. (of N. O. Minst.) (2)
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
France, Sherley H.
Fish, C. E. (gymnast)
Franklin, H. (gymnast)
Flanigan, E. D.
Freeman, W. D.
Fields & Hoey
Foster, Wm.
Fossett, Mr.
Fisher, Gust. 3c.
Fales, Ed. (of H. & Chub, Cin.)
Fox, Jas. P.
Farello, Sig. A.
Fakir of Ispahan"
Fox, Willy (comique)
Fish, "Tommy"
Gilmore, Prof. (declaturer)
Grace, J. (of Callender's Minst.)
Gilmore, Mr. (variety manager)
Girard, Robt. D.
Gorman, J. (of Thompson's Co.)
Gale, Walter
Grinnell, Geo.
Greenwall, H. (manager)
Gilbert, Jas. M.
Gerry, J. S. (2)
Gourlay, John
Gardner, W. H.
Gilday, Chas.
Giammona, Antonino
Gray, Alex.
Gorman, R. (late Gorman & Romer)
Gleason, P.
Glidden, Chas.
Goss, "Ned"
Gaylord, "Low"
Gullick, Jas. T.
Gibbs, Clark
Greene, J. (of European Cir.)
Gullck, J. T. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
Graham, C. (of Virginia Beach, Nev.)
Gilmour, W. J.
Hedges, Thos. 20c.
Huber & Glidden
Haverly, J. H.
Hanchett, D.
Hicks, C. H.
Holcombe, Chas.
Hurtt, H. H.
Haynes, A. W.
Hess, C. D. 9c.
Hayden, H. B.
Hutchinson, Ass B.
Hall, Sami. ("Buckskin")
Hensel, Emile
Prof. Andrus)
Hanley, M. W.
Hart, "Bob"
Huntley, Stephen
Hawley, J. H.
Hudson, Geo. B.
Hully, James
Hicks, Geo.
Howard, Jno. A.
Hague, Jr., Saml.
Howard, Maj. (late of New Orleans)
Harrigan, Ed.
Huthinson, Max.
Herndon, T. J.
Hill, H. B.
Hooley's Minst., Manager
Hodges, Thos.
Hall, J. W.
Hayden, Chas.
Hoag, Grau
Herbert, E. (female imper.)
Castello's Cir.)
Hengler, T. M. (2)
James, Ed. S.
Jones, P. V.
Jefferson, C. B.
Johanoff, Chas. 5c.
Jones, O. K.
Johnson, B. (of Howe's Cir.)
Jerome & Cameron
Jones, S. (of Callender's Minst.)
Jeffrey, Jno. H.
Johnston, Robt.
Jones, Arnold
Kelly & Leon's Minstrels
Kyrck & Smith
Kennedy, H. (ventriloquist)
Kelly & Ryan
Kline, L. or S. (of Mexico)
Kerr, H. E.
Kelly, J. D.
Kidder, E. E.
Keyes, D. A.
Keller, F. L.
Knowlton, I. K.
Kruger, Jaques
Kerr's Cir.)
Kelly, J. T.
Kenyon, Wm.
Larson, Mr. (of J. Landis were presented in their entertainments last Winter, a worthy son of Esculapius thinks of making *his* debut upon the dramatic boards, and thus putting to shame the efforts of those other professional gentlemen. We are deeply grieved at this reminder, and may be pardoned if we mildly remonstrate against the carrying-out of these projected enterprises. We are a patient, long-suffering, law-abiding people; but there comes a time when the sleeping lion in our breast is aroused, when patience ceases to be a virtue, and when the smouldering fires of our volcanic passions burst forth in all their intensity, and when no whatever may come within the radius of their vortex, if we may be permitted to use a splenetic figure of speech. It has been maliciously said that chairs and benches were shied at one of the offending debutants last season. Let us conjure premeditated actors and actresses not to presume upon our leniency on that occasion, but to give up this wild hallucination ere it be too late. Chairs and tables and benches having failed in their design last season, other measures may be resorted to in the coming. Expectant friends, let us warn you that nitro-glycerine is rendered comparatively stale and valueless by vigilance committee, and, if we are not misinformed, there will be sad havoc played among the newcomers. We beseech you to abstain, as it were. We love you, and would fain protect you; but, once you fall upon the stage, there will be a sensation scene. Down in the hills. Have a care! We have, perhaps, disclosed more than we should have done; but as our mission is charity, and mercy, and peace, we feel that we have but done our duty. Relent, ere it is too late!

CITY SUMMARY.

"PIQUE" was withdrawn from the stage of the Fifth-avenue Theatre after the evening performances of July 29. This play has enjoyed a longer run than any other, except spectacular or pantomimic productions, hitherto produced in this country. It was first acted Tuesday evening, Dec. 14, 1875, and was played consecutively until July 29, save on the evenings of May 6, 13, 20, 27, June 3, 1876, the occasions of the benefits of D. H. Harkins, John Brougham, James Lewis, William Davidge, and Stephen Fiske, and save at the Saturday matinees June 10, 17, when two of the benefit programmes were repeated. It run covered a space of eight months or thirty-three weeks, numbering 238 performances, 193 of which were evening representations. There were 45 matinee performances, viz., 31 on Saturdays; 9 on Wednesdays—Feb. 9, 16, March 8, 15, 22, 29, April 5, 19, 26; 2 on Mondays—March 13, April 17; 3 on Tuesdays—Feb. 29, July 4; and 1 on Friday—March 17. The 100th consecutive performance took place Thursday, March 16; but was erroneously celebrated on the evening of March 17, that performance being in fact the 102d. The 150th representation took place Friday, April 28, and the 200th on Friday, June 23, upon which occasion souvenir programmes and other souvenirs were presented to those in attendance. During the past week Miss May Nunez acted Lucille Renfrew instead of Miss Kate Holland.

MISS ELOISE ALLEN, a pleasing vocalist; Murphy and Shannon, who met with favor in their specialties of "Round for Germany" and "The Wierdberg Volunteers;" and Eugene Blitz, who gave his well-known Punch-and-Judy entertainment and acted Dionysius in the closing sketch of "Two Can Play at that Game," were the fresh people at Tony Pastor's New Theatre during the past week, where a marked increase in the attendance was noticeable. The Parker Sisters in their musical sketches of "Seaside Rambles" and "The Jilted Lover;" John Gilbert in songs-and-dances; Tierney and Cronin as "The Ashantee Recruits;" Mlle. Emoclew and Mons. Larouz in trapeze performances; Charles Diamond in song-and-dances, in his own harp accompaniment; and the sketches of "Neck and Neck" and "Sardine-appleus," introducing Ned Wambold, Harry Phillips, Sadie Deshon and others, filled out the programme.

HANS RAVENS, a prominent member of the company last season at the Germania Theatre, is to act during the coming season as a star upon the American stage and speaking the United States language. He will perform in a new drama now being written for him by Henry Weaver, who has hitherto contributed several successful plays to the literature of our country.

JOHN ELLSLER, manager of theatres in Cleveland, O., and Pittsburg, Pa., is ill with malarial fever.

MANAGERS T. W. Davey of Detroit, Mich., R. E. J. Miles of Cincinnati, O., J. N. Gotthold of Pittsburg, Pa., and John T. Ford of Baltimore and Washington have returned to their homes.

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HARRY MILLS, Charles and Josie Fox and the Clark Brothers were the newcomers at the Parisian Varieties on July 24. Harry Mills gave Dutch character songs; Charles and Josie Fox were seen in their original sketch entitled "Life in Germany;" and the Clark Brothers displayed their abilities as eccentric musical comiques. In addition to these the programme included the Misses Young and Clifford as "Les Belles Saragosas," Miss Minnie Hall in sensational songs, the Victorellis in acrobatic feats, comic songs by John Gourlay, club-swinging by Harry Vanetti, a sketch called "Love and Lager" by Wills and Romer, "Les Hongroise," danced by Mlle. Bertha and Senor Novismo; ballads by Antoinette Savoy, a grotesque dance called "Les Parisiennes" by the corps de ballet, and the sketches of "Out All Night," "My Very Last Proposal," "Our Candidate," and "The Mysterious Sex."

THE BOWERY THEATRE was reopened for a Summer season on July 24 by Robert Fraser and his pantomime troupe, who performed "Hush-a-by-baby, or the Cow Jumped Over the Moon." The company included Robert Fraser, Clown; Joseph M. Freeman, Pantaloon; George Topack, Harlequin; Mlle. Barella, Columbine; Master Martin, Sprite; and P. Kynock, Policeman. Tillie Malvern, Little Vic and Miss Young were seen in the opening. As the company is almost the same that recently performed at the Olympic Theatre, an extended review of their merits is not now needed. They fully confirmed the favorable opinion we expressed of them while performing there. The pantomime was handsomely mounted, and the tricks, which were numerous, worked well. That the spectators were amused was demonstrated by liberal applause, and, at intervals, by shouts of laughter and ejaculations of surprise at the transformations caused by the tricks. Between the first and last acts of the pantomime a variety olio was given. Ira Paine demonstrated his skill at shooting at glass balls thrown from spring-traps, illustrating the flight of pigeons sprung from a trap. His skill as a marksman is wonderful. Standing with his face to the audience he gave the signal to his assistant to spring two balls into the air at the same moment, and he turned and shivered both into atoms ere they struck the stage. He was liberally applauded and several times recalled. William West gave banjo songs; Little Vic proved to be quite an attractive serio-comic vocalist; Master Martin gave acrobatic songs-and-dances; Kynock and Smith illustrated their skill in the use of roller-skates; William Wylie sang Irish and German character songs, and the three Turner Brothers were seen in songs-and-dances. A miniature was given on Saturday. The attendance was much larger than had been seen in this theatre for a long time. The season closed with the week.

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Persons applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider SILENCE A NEGATIVE.

THE GLOBE DRAMATIC COMPANY—Will O'Keefe, Ed. Clifford, and Fred Felton, proprietors—is now being organized in Barry, Ill.

W. D. SHIELS, who a few seasons ago was acting old-men characters at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., has left the profession and become a minister of the gospel.

MISS MAY ARLINGTON has been engaged for the leading juvenile business in Macauley's theatres in Cincinnati, O., and Louisville, Ky., for next season.

LUCILLE WESTERN is sojourning at the Orient Point House, L. I. During the coming season she is to fulfill engagements in the Olympic Theatre in this city and the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I.

FRED MOWER advertises that he can be engaged for responsible business. He also plays brass.

THE REMAINS of Miss Louise Hawthorne (Mrs. George Morton) arrived in Rhinebeck, N. Y., from Chicago, Ill., on July 26, and were interred in lot No. 226 in Rhinebeck Cemetery, which had been purchased by her late husband, who, with other relatives and friends, was present at the last sad rites.

WILLIAM NANNERY, manager of the Academy of Music, St. John, N. B., publishes a statement in our business department, in reply to certain articles, which have been published in St. John, New York and Boston papers, reflecting on his management. Members of the profession are referred to the card.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted to open about Sept. 1. Address Frank G. Campbell, as per advertisement.

A LEADING MAN, a leading lady, and several other artists, including a leader of orchestra, are wanted for Boyd's Star Company. Address the manager, as per card in another column.

GEO. OBER, first low comedy and character-actor, advertises that he will be at liberty after Aug. 15.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY and four young ladies to play boys' parts are wanted by J. G. Stutiz. See card.

MISS LIZZIE WALTON, who has been rusticating for some time past in Sag Harbor, L. I., goes this week to Saratoga, N. Y., for a brief sojourn.

WILBUR BLAKE is engaged as the first comedian at De Bar's Grand Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., for the coming season. With his family he is passing the Summer at their home in Napoleon, O.

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THE VOKES FAMILY are to perform in Saratoga, N. Y., July 31.

PROFESSIONALS IN SARATOGA LAST WEEK.—Imogene and Miss Amy Roberts, actresses; Mlle. Esmeralda Cervantes, the Brazilian harpist; Mrs. W. M. Connor, *nee* Ada Webb; J. C. Duff, manager of Daly's Fifth-avenue traveling company; Charles Backus and Billy Emerson, Ethiopian comedians; Augustin Daly, manager of the Fifth-avenue Theatre, New York, and John P. Smith, manager of the Vokes Family.

THE CENTENNIAL COMEDY COMPANY is to perform in Saranac, Mich., this week.

MISS. J. W. BARTONE, first old women, is disengaged. See card.

STARS AND COMBINATIONS desiring dates at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., are referred to the advertisement in another column.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montreal, the Vokes Family filled the house every night the past week. Mr. McDowell and a portion of the stock company have been and are still playing in Quebec to good business.

THORNE'S COMEDY COMPANY inaugurate the Fall and Winter season of 1876-7 about Sept. 1. A full dramatic company is wanted to support Miss Bonnie Meyer, the stellar attraction of the troupe. Musicians for brass band and orchestra are also advertised for by Manager J. H. Thorne.

HILNES LEVICK will be at liberty after Aug. 12, and can be addressed as per card.

BELLA GOLDEN, supported by a dramatic company, begins the season Aug. 15. Communications can be sent to Martin Golden, whose address find in another column. Prof. Gibler's orchestra and brass band has been engaged for the season.

MR. SOTHERN made his reappearance at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 24th of July, in "Our American Cousin." The same piece was continued until the evening of the 28th, the occasion of his benefit, when the comedy of "Home" and the sketch of "Dundreary Married and Settled" were also given. Ira Paine demonstrated his skill at shooting at glass balls thrown from spring-traps, illustrating the flight of pigeons sprung from a trap. His skill as a marksman is wonderful. Standing with his face to the audience he gave the signal to his assistant to spring two balls into the air at the same moment, and he turned and shivered both into atoms ere they struck the stage. He was liberally applauded and several times recalled. William West gave banjo songs; Little Vic proved to be quite an attractive serio-comic vocalist; Master Martin gave acrobatic songs-and-dances; Kynock and Smith illustrated their skill in the use of roller-skates; William Wylie sang Irish and German character songs, and the three Turner Brothers were seen in songs-and-dances. A miniature was given on Saturday. The attendance was much larger than had been seen in this theatre for a long time. The season closed with the week.

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DRAMATIC.
Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a YELLOW COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and date of March 1, 1876, affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding to see the card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and, if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will confer a favor if they will retain it and mail it to this office.

Persons applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider SILENCE A NEGATIVE.

THE GLOBE DRAMATIC COMPANY—Will O'Keefe, Ed. Clifford, and Fred Felton, proprietors—is now being organized in Barry, Ill.

W. D. SHIELS, who a few seasons ago was acting old-men characters at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., has left the profession and become a minister of the gospel.

MISS MAY ARLINGTON has been engaged for the leading juvenile business in Macauley's theatres in Cincinnati, O., and Louisville, Ky., for next season.

LUCILLE WESTERN is sojourning at the Orient Point House, L. I. During the coming season she is to fulfill engagements in the Olympic Theatre in this city and the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I.

FRED MOWER advertises that he can be engaged for responsible business. He also plays brass.

THE REMAINS of Miss Louise Hawthorne (Mrs. George Morton) arrived in Rhinebeck, N. Y., from Chicago, Ill., on July 26, and were interred in lot No. 226 in Rhinebeck Cemetery, which had been purchased by her late husband, who, with other relatives and friends, was present at the last sad rites.

WILLIAM NANNERY, manager of the Academy of Music, St. John, N. B., publishes a statement in our business department, in reply to certain articles, which have been published in St. John, New York and Boston papers, reflecting on his management. Members of the profession are referred to the card.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted to open about Sept. 1. Address Frank G. Campbell, as per advertisement.

A LEADING MAN, a leading lady, and several other artists, including a leader of orchestra, are wanted for Boyd's Star Company. Address the manager, as per card in another column.

GEO. OBER, first low comedy and character-actor, advertises that he will be at liberty after Aug. 15.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY and four young ladies to play boys' parts are wanted by J. G. Stutiz. See card.

MISS LIZZIE WALTON, who has been rusticating for some time past in Sag Harbor, L. I., goes this week to Saratoga, N. Y., for a brief sojourn.

WILBUR BLAKE is engaged as the first comedian at De Bar's Grand Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., for the coming season. With his family he is passing the Summer at their home in Napoleon, O.

SENORITA LUCIA ZARATE, the Mexican dwarf, of whom we gave an account in our past issue, is attracting good-sized audiences to her daily levees in Tony Pastor's New Theatre.

CHARLES CALVERT, who is to superintend the production of "Sardanapalus" at Booth's Theatre, arrived from England in the steamship Bothnia on July 25.

MISS KATHARINE ROGERS returned from Europe during the past week.

W. J. GILMORE, late of the National Theatre, Philadelphia, and now lessee of the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, is in the city.

THE SAME excellent artists who have taken part in the concerts at Gilmore's Garden during the past few weeks are continued as the musical magnets during the present, there being no new features offered, the band in a change of programme nightly, and the effective vocal renditions of Mme. Pappenheim and the Young Apollo Club, with the instrumental solos of Levy, Arbuckle, and others, being all-sufficient to induce a good attendance. W. H. Stanley sang a selection from Handel at the Sunday evening concert.

THE YOKES FAMILY are to perform in Saratoga, N. Y., July 31.

PROFESSIONALS IN SARATOGA LAST WEEK.—Imogene and Miss Amy Roberts, actresses; Mlle. Esmeralda Cervantes, the Brazilian harpist; Mrs. W. M. Connor, *nee* Ada Webb; J. C. Duff, manager of Daly's Fifth-avenue traveling company; Charles Backus and Billy Emerson, Ethiopian comedians; Augustin Daly, manager of the Fifth-avenue Theatre, New York, and John P. Smith, manager of the Vokes Family.

THE CENTENNIAL COMEDY COMPANY is to perform in Saranac, Mich., this week.

MISS. J. W. BARTONE, first old women, is disengaged. See card.

STARS AND COMBINATIONS desiring dates at Fox

MATT MORGAN is touching up "Paris by Night," which will shortly be placed on exhibition at the Coliseum, Philadelphia.

A COLLECTION of alligators, valued at $10,000 (?), which were on exhibition on North Eighth street, Philadelphia, under the management of a Captain M. G. May, have mysteriously disappeared during the past week, and the owners of the collection—Messrs. Tremain & Land—are disconsolate thereat.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, continues to be a favorite one of the numerous attractions held out to sightseers in the Centennial City, and it received its usual liberal share of patronage last week.

WORK in print is done to order by Locke, Tyot & Bates. See advertisement.

BEETHOVEN HALL, Boston, Mass., can be rented for first-class companies. It has a stage, well stocked with scenery, and a seating capacity of fifteen hundred. Address J. J. Haley, as per advertisement.

BLONDIN, "the hero of Niagara," is now en route from California to Niagara Falls, where he purposes crossing the river by riding a bycicle over a tight-rope, and performing a number of feats never before attempted.

A JAPANESE PAINTING in panorama form is offered for sale. See Frank Jones' card.

ERIN AND THE BRENNANS opened in Montreal for four nights, commencing July 27.

PUBLISHERS of theatrical programmes are referred to S. H. & Co.'s card in regard to advertising.

LIVING CURIOSITIES are wanted for the fairs by "Showman," who advertises.

F. W. SHRADER, advance-agent, whose address find in another column, can be engaged for the Fall and Winter.

A MAGICIAN, fire-king and Punch-and-Judy performer, and a Circassian lady, are open for engagements at the fairs. See F. R. Blitz's card.

"IN SIGHT OF PARIS," which is now on exhibition at Elm avenue and Fortieth street, Philadelphia, continues to be one of the points of attraction among the outside shows so numerous around the Centennial Buildings.

SIG. ALVILLE, the musical clown, and Mlle. Celestine, wire-walker, were giving free exhibitions at the Mansion House Garden, Gloucester, N. J., every afternoon during the past week.

JOHN F. RYAN & Co. insert a card to hall proprietors, stating that they are prepared to build halls and opera-houses, and that they make a specialty of fitting establishments with scenery, etc.

OUR ST. PAUL, Minn. correspondent writes us that the dates of all the entertainments booked there, which he reported in his last letter, have been cancelled.

BURKE'S TABLEAUX OF ERIN and Comedy Company exhibited in Carleton, N. B., July 24, Portland 25. Business fair.

NATIONAL PRINTING COMPANY, Chicago, Ill., advertise specially favorable rates to parties contracting for printing with their house for the season of 1876-77.

J. H. LAINE returns thanks, in a card elsewhere, to managers for their offers of engagements, he being compelled to decline the same, having accepted the position of special traveling agent with the Pennsylvania R. R. Co.

CHAS. MELVILLE, business-manager or agent, can be addressed for engagements, care of this office.

A HOT-AIR BALLOON is wanted by T. T. B., who advertises.

SONGS, song-and-dance acts, sketches, etc., are written to order by Saul Sertrew, who advertises.

E. M. WORTH'S MUSEUM is to exhibit in Detroit, Mich., for two weeks, beginning Aug. 2.

CHARLES KRUTZ, programme agent, can be engaged for the coming season. See advertisement.

HARRY LESLIE still continues his performances twice daily on the high rope at the Seaside House, Rockaway Beach, L. I.

AMATEUR.

THE ATLANTA (GA.) DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, recently organized, performed "The Merchant of Venice," July 21. G. W. Kates is the stage-manager.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"LES JOLIES FILLES DE GREVIN" is the title of a new five-act drama produced July 5 at the Varieties Theatre, Paris, France. It is by MM. Leon and Franz Beauvallet, and is thus written about by the correspondent of *The* (London) *Era:* "M. Grevin is one of the celebrities of Paris, that fickle queen of fashion, and actresses and demimondaines in search of new toilets dress 'a' la his sketches, greatly to the delight of their mantua-makers, whose bills become augmented in the same ratio with the extravagance of Grevin's drawings. 'Les Jolies Filles de Grevin' are, consequently those fair and frail members of the Parisian 'half world,' whose ordinary haunts are Mabille, Bullier, and the countless other similar groves of pleasure that abound in this city. MM. Beauvallet have confined the peripatetics of the bevy of showy girls whom they bring on the stage almost entirely to the Latin Quarter, so that any action their piece contains passes for the most part at Bullier, the students' dancing-garden near the Luxembourg, the Mabille of the South Bank. This place, formerly amusing enough from the rollicking gayety of its patrons, in the times when the etudiantes were grisettes, has of late become a home for noisy rowdies, and the role of the extinct grisette is now filled there by slatternly or overdressed demimondaines. It is here, however, that the trifling plot the new piece contains chiefly passes. MM. Beauvallet, if we are to judge from the ideas brought to light in their new work, evidently think that there is no elysium on earth if it be not at Bullier, or at some skating-rink or beer-palace in the neighborhood of the Luxembourg. And they also clearly believe that those ladies must be bored to death who are condemned to pass their existence in drawing-rooms, where it is not yet the fashion for young people to kick up their legs to a level with the eye. The Baronne Suzanne de Berghem, who is the heroine of the stern existence entailed on persons moving in good society, consequently suffers from some mysterious affection. She sends for a doctor, and they bring her a medical student who is near taking his degree, one Jean Champmathieu. This gay disciple of Æsculapius happens to be the son of the gentleman who has rented the demesne where Suzanne was reared, and he therefore knows that the lady, who is now about twenty-five, has been some time a widow. His art soon enables him also to discover that this fascinating lady is becoming a prey to the most profound *ennui*, which may develop into a dangerous disease if not instantaneously checked. As a certain means of cure he proposes to accompany her on a visit to the Bullier ball; his offer is accepted, the lady takes his arm, and off they start. It happens, however, that an old millionaire uncle of the Baronne, who has recently died, leaving her his fortune, inserted a clause in the will by which she should be disinherited in case within a certain period she commits any act unworthy of her position. The stipulated time expires the day after the opening of the piece, just as in M. Hector Cremieux's vaudeville "Le Tour du Baronne, so as to prove that she has disgraced herself by attending a students' ball. Such is the first complication; and the second is equally simple. Jean Champmathieu had, it appears, been an ardent admirer of a flashy Bohemienne known in places like Bullier by the soubriquet of La Champenoise, and the resemblance between this person and the Baronne de Berghem is so striking that it is impossible not to mistake one for the other. This second complication makes the piece clear to you. There ensues a series of *quidproquos*, and an incessant bustle of all the principal personages hither and thither. All the extravagances and follies of La Champenoise are laid to the account of the Baronne, until at last the marquis, the chevalier, and the notary are convinced that they have been deceived by the extraordinary resemblance. The Baronne succeeds to her cousin's fortune, and marries Jean. Mlle. Celine Montaland filled the double role of Baronne and La Champenoise, and Chelles played Jean.

A COUPLE of one-act novelties were produced at the Palais Royal, Paris, France, during the week closing July 13. The first of these was a vaudeville by M. De Saint Agnan, entitled "L'Ombrelee," the story of which is thus told: "Ninette Grippelaine renders her husband the most unhappy of men under the futile pretext that he cannot permit her to understand what an intense desire she has to be the owner of a parasol. But suddenly she finds one in an unexpected way, and, fancying that it is a surprise intended for her by the worthy Grippelaine, returns to her new friend in that paste of good humor. The question was, however, intended for other hands. A horse-dealer named Cadoche has given it to the wife of his friend Fourachot, and that intriguing lady, when caught in a stolen interview with her admirer, has forgotten it in her hurried flight. Cadoche, who seems to have a fancy for this form of present, has given another parasol to a village girl named Rosine, who wishes to secure him for a husband. The intrigues that result from Ninette's mistake may be imagined, but to describe them would take more space than they are worth. In fact, the fun of the piece is very infinitesimal. Grippelaine is furious with Cadoche, suspecting him of a clandestine correspondence with his wife, and Fourachot, who has better grounds for jealousy, is also so enraged against the horse-dealer that that individual can only escape from the threats of the indignant husband by marrying Rosine." Mlle. Lemercier appeared as Ninette, Mlle. Charvet as Rosine, Montbars as Fourachot, Raimond as Cadoche, and Bourgeotte as Grippelaine. The other piece is a comedy by Paul Ferrier, called "La Partie d'Echecs," and, although the weather was very warm, it had continued to attract good houses. Boisrame, an insurance-agent, has invited the director-general of the company, M. Courtansoux, to dinner, and, with an eye to promotion, overwhelms him with attentions, a good work in which his wife aids him materially. M. Courtansoux is a devoted chessplayer, and Boisrame, humoring him to the top of his bent, sits down to the table, and a prolonged and absorbing contest begins. There is, of course, a love intrigue of the broadest kind—a double intrigue, in fact. Boisrame makes improper overtures to the wife of his gardener, and Madame Boisrame is the object of far too close attentions from a certain Perdrigeot, who, in order to please her husband, waters the flowers in the garden, and makes a victim of himself at chess. The two Lotharios running after their fair ones, and Courtansoux, who has had to leave the house because he had eaten unripe apricots, one after the other seek a moment's rest in a shady arbor, on a bench which the cunning gardener has freshly painted. The figure each in turn casts, and the clothes stained with green paint, is laughable, and the imbroglio is cleverly managed, though it leads to a denouement which is similar to that in the 'Mariage du Figaro.'"

ROMANTIC SUICIDE OF AN ACTRESS.—A Paris correspondent states that Mlle. Stein, a pretty and graceful young woman, and one of the best comediennes on the German stage, has committed suicide under romantic circumstances. She had gone to Ems to give a series of performances. On the morning of her death she had attended rehearsal. As she did not appear at the theatre, the manager sent to her residence. Her emissary was informed that Mlle. Stein had gone for a walk in the wood. As she did not return home in the evening, it was feared she had lost her way. A search was organized, and eventually her corpse was found. To carry out her fatal project she had chosen one of the most romantic and picturesque sites of the environs of Ems; she had laid her plaid shawl on the grass, and then threw herself upon it, her face turned towards the Mahlsberg hills. Her parasol was by her side, and in her right hand she held a six-chamber revolver, with one bullet of which she had shot herself in the heart. In the other hand she grasped Goethe's famous work "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre," open at the passages which describe how the arrival of Therese, Wilhelm's betrothed, causes the death of Mignon. It would appear that Mlle. Stein was betrothed to a young nobleman, the Graf von B., who was possessed of very slender means. On the morning of her death Mlle. Stein had received a letter stating that Herr Von B., who was stopping at Hanover, had just been betrothed to a cousin, whose father possessed a large fortune. After reading it she at once left the house, and, having formed the project of committing suicide, at once put it into execution. The most terrible circumstance in connection with the whole affair is that the letter in question was simply a hoax.

MR. LIONEL JOHN SEFTON, lessee of the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, Eng., died on Sunday evening, July 9, from a cancerous formation in the mouth, from which he had suffered since last November, and which had confined him to his bed for almost four months previous to his demise. He was born in London, of Jewish parents, and early in life went to Australia, where he made his first appearance on the dramatic stage as a member of Mr. Coppin's company, at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne. Returning to England after several years' absence, he became the lessee of the Preston Theatre in 1863, but failed to make the venture pay. Subsequently he became the acting-manager of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, and there exhibited such rare business qualifications and managerial tact that Mr. E. A. Sothern availed himself of his services as his agent. In that capacity he traveled with Sothern all over the country; and then, leaving for America, he made arrangements for a tour here. Returning to England, he purchased from Mr. Gilbert the provincial right of producing "Pygmalion and Galatea," subsequently "The Palace of Truth," and very recently Mr. Gilbert's latest work, "Broken Hearts." When the lesseeship of the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, became vacant, about two years ago, it was natural that Mr. Sefton Parry of Hull, by whom it was almost immediately transferred to Mr. Sefton. His age was forty-five.

THE DEATH is announced, at an advanced age, of Mlle. Alexandrine Noblet, a lady who was one of the favorite interpreters of the elder Dumas. After gaining great success at the Porte St. Martin, Paris, chiefly in "Marino Faliero" and "Richard d'Arlington," she went for a short time to the Francais, where she had quite a triumph as Charlotte Corday. Rachel's appearance at that house, however, interrupted a career so auspiciously commenced. The Paris public could brook no rival near the throne of the new divinity, and Mlle. Noblet left the stage. She married one of her admirers, M. Delamarre, a gentleman of large fortune. The long illness from which she suffered had for some time back quite deprived her of mental faculties. At her funeral, which took place July 12, at Neuilly, France, M. Got was present as the official representative of the Comedie Francaise.

MLLE. EMMA BRETON, who last year won many friends in Paris by her performance of La Petite Comtesse, at the Theatre Taitbout, is, it is said, soon to be married to Count Sampieri, private secretary of Prince Demidoff.

THE NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE, erected by Robert Forster at Wigan, Eng., opposite the new Market Hall, not yet completed, will shortly be opened.

FALSE ALARM OF FIRE IN A THEATRE.—In the Swansea, Wales, Police-court, on July 8, John Connell, seventeen years of age, a mason's laborer, was charged with endangering the lives of a number of persons by igniting a quantity of gunpowder in the gallery of the Star Theatre, that town, on the 1st inst. The prisoner exploded a squib or firework of some sort, whereupon people screamed "Fire!" and a panic ensued, but fortunately no one was seriously injured. Connell was fined fifty shillings, or, in default, two months' imprisonment at hard labor.

MUSICAL.

STARRING A VOCALIST.—An unprovoked attack of a somewhat singular character was made upon Miss Emily Ethair, the well-known burlesque actress, in Glasgow, Scotland, on the night of the 1st ult. On entering a passage leading to her lodgings, about eleven o'clock P. M., she observed a man sitting upon the stairs. Thinking he was merely some drunken person who had stumbled there by chance, she was about to pass him without remark. The man, however, made a sudden movement as she went past him, and she felt a weapon penetrate her right thigh, and immediately afterwards was aware that there was a copious flow of blood from the wound. On screaming for assistance, her husband, who had observed her enter the passage as he sat at an open window, rushed down-stairs with the landlord. Her cries also drew the attention of a gentleman who was passing along the street, and they succeeded in taking the assailant into custody. On his removal to the Northern Police-office, he stated that his name was Thomas Williams, that he was twenty years of age, and that he had come from Dundee about twelve months ago to place as van-driver in the city. In answer to the charge, he replied, without the least appearance of being flurried—and it may be mentioned that he was quite sober at the time—that he knew nothing whatever about the affair. When searched, a large pocket-knife, the blade of which seemed stained with blood, was found upon him. Dr. Lind, whose residence is quite near the place where the act was committed, dressed the wound. It was a cut of considerable breadth, and was over an inch in depth, but no results of a very serious character are anticipated. The knife found upon the person of Williams was on trial fitted exactly into the cut through the clothing. The prisoner was remanded for further examination.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

THE TOMB OF UNSWORTH.—A very chaste and valuable monument has been erected by a few friends over the grave of Mr. James Unsworth, the celebrated comedian, who died in Liverpool, Eng., Feb. 21, 1875, and is interred in Ford Cemetery. The monument bears the following appropriate inscription, written by one of his greatest friends and admirers:

Of wit as genial as of humor bright;
The people's favorite, and his friends' delight;
A man in everything a man should be;
And yet simplicity's own child was he.
Who on the stage e'er heard that ready tongue,
But, mirth-convulsed, on every accent hung?
Yet from that tongue no accent ever fell
That virgin virtue might not dare to hail.
Wit stands aghast, and Genius, pierced by grief,
In vain to stricken Mirth turns for relief.
Years are piled, and prayers, too, fast arise,
Round this lone grave where genial Unsworth lies.

CIRCUSES.

CHIARINI'S CIRCUS is at present in Brazil, S. A., and an attache of the show, writing from Santos, Province of S. Paulo, under date of June 20, 1876, gives us the following information: "This is to inform you that Chiarini's Royal Italian Circus, with Signor P. E. Picard as advance-agent, and Lorenzo Mayer as secretary, is now playing in the Province of S. Paulo, a trip never before taken by any manager that has ever visited this country. I shall now give you the route taken by this show: From Rio de Janeiro we started in the steamer America on April 25, arriving in the port of Santos on the following morning, after a beautiful trip of 180 miles in 17 hours. On landing we at once started by rail to the City of Sao Paulo, the capital of the province. Two days after we opened doors with large success, refusing admittance to large numbers every night. In Sao Paulo we gave twenty performances; and from there we went to Campinas, an interior town of the province. In that place we did the same or a better business than in the capital, averaging $1,200 per night. The company is still at Campinas, but in a few days will come to Santos. The company will open here about June 25. From here we will take a trip through the interior of the province, in a northerly direction, a distance of 150 miles, part by railway and part by the main road. From Santos we will go to San Jose dos Campos by the main road, thence to Cacapava, Taubate, Pindamonhaugaba, Lorena and Cachoeira, where we take the railroad to Campo Bello, thence to Rezende, Barra do Pirahy and Rio de Janeiro, making stoppages at every village or town of any importance—too many to be enumerated. The company will then go to the province of Rio Grande do Sul, stopping at the three principal towns—Rio Grande, Pelotas and Porto Alegre, the capital of that province. Mr. Leugel has been a success all the way through, and Senor Chiarini's horses and ponies have been the wonder and admiration of all who have witnessed their performances. The performing dogs introduced, trained and exhibited by Fred Silvester, have obtained a great success."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WINTER GARDEN, similar to that at Southport, is to be established at Leamington, Eng. It will comprise, in addition to the garden, an aquarium, ballroom and skating-rink, costing altogether over £50,000.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE COMIQUE.

HARRIGAN & HART.....Lessees
M. W. HANLEY.....Manager
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite the Saint Nicholas Hotel.

MONDAY, AUG. 7,
GRAND INAUGURATION
of the
FALL AND WINTER SEASON.

This elegant and favorite Temple of Amusement having been remodeled, painted and decorated, will be devoted to the production of nothing but first-class entertainments, consisting of
CHARACTER SKETCHES, NEGRO ACTS,
COMEDY, DRAMA,
FARCE, BURLESQUE, SONG AND DANCES, ETC.

AS CANDIDATES FOR PUBLIC FAVOR
the managers are proud to submit the names of the following popular artists:
HARRIGAN AND HART,
in their own original songs, sketches and character portraitures.
MISS ADAH RICHMOND,
the favorite sensational vocalist, comedienne and burlesque actress.
MR. BILLY BARRY,
the "African Roman," in negro specialties.
MISS FANNY L. BURT,
the favorite soubrette, in comedy and ballads.
MR. BILLY GRAY,
eccentric Ethiopian delineator, in African character.
MISS ALICE BENNETT,
the Young American Nightingale.
MR. BILLY CARTER,
King of Ranjoists.
MISS ADAH ROSHELL,
the pleasing actress and vocalist.
QUILTER AND GOLDRICH,
in their original songs-and-dances.
MR. LARRY TOOLEY,
the Bismarck of Teutonic Warblers.
HANNAH BURCH,
versatile actress and representative of the female darky.
ALMONTA BROS.,
celebrated acrobats and tumblers.
MAY STUART,
the pleasing Comedienne.
JOHN WILLIAMS,
in his unrivaled "Lancashire Clog-dance."
MISS LIZZIE HENRIE,
Actress and Vocalist.
MR. G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
the popular Basso Profundo.
MR. J. ADAMS GRAVER,
Character and Eccentric Actor.
MISS JENNIE WELLS,
the dashing Vocalist and Actress.
MR. SAM HOLDSWORTH,
the well-known Tenor Soloist.
MR. ALFRED BEVERLY,
Favorite Comedian and Comic Singer.
MR. D. BARCLAY,
Eccentric and Character Artist.
MR. DAVE BRAHAM,
the well-known Composer and Author, will conduct the superb orchestra.

THIS UNRIVALED COMBINATION OF ARTISTS WILL APPEAR EVERY EVENING AND ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES.
For further particulars see BILLS OF THE DAY. 19-1t

BROOKLYN VARIETIES

THEATRE, 34 Willoughby street, Brooklyn. Lessee and manager, Mr. J. Rundage. Stage-manager, Billy Allen. This little temple of amusement is open for the Fall and Winter season. Talent can always apply. Salary low but sure, and no stand-off. 9-1t*

PARISIAN VARIETIES,

30TH STREET AND BROADWAY.
ANOTHER ROUSING BILL.
NEW AND ATTRACTIVE.
RICHLY RARE.
BEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.
CONNUBIAL COMPLICATIONS.
SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS, OUR CANDIDATES,
NEST-HIDING, LES PARISIENNES.
THE WOODS,
BENNETT AND KERNELL, CLARK BROTHERS,
LAWRENCE SISTERS,
JOHN GOURLAY, FRANK M. MILLS,
MISS CARRIE AVERY,
MISS MINNIE HALL, MISS ALICE GIRARD,
THE FOXES, MLLE. BERTHA, SENOR NOVISSIMO,
MLLE. YOUNG, MLLE. CLIFFORD.
EVENINGS at 8; MATINEE, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday.
Talent desiring engagements must apply by letter or in person. 19-1t*

KELLY & LEON'S

OPERA-HOUSE, 23D STREET.
KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS.
First appearance of the grotesque comedian
MR. GEORGE WATSON.
First week of Leon's new specialty.
MLLE. BAGATELLE,
an amateur.
First week of the ballet, PATCHOULI.
First week of "BILLY NUBBS."
First week of Leon's
FIRST-PART FINALE.
SOLDIERS TO THE FRONT.
Music from "Genevieve de Brabant."
Last week of McAndrew's great act,
REVENGE IS SWEET.
Last week of Lecocq's romantic operetta,
THE ISLAND OF BACHELORS.
Saturday, Aug. 12, Offenbach's Comic Opera,
MONS. CHOUFLEURI AT HOME. 19-1t*

TONY PASTOR'S NEW THEATRE,

No. 585 BROADWAY (opposite Metropolitan Hotel).
ONLY VARIETY SHOW IN NEW YORK.
THE WORLD'S WONDER:
A GIRL 12 YEARS OLD, 30 INCHES HIGH,
weighing only 5 POUNDS.
PERFECT IN FORM AND FEATURE.
On Exhibition daily, from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M.
The greatest of curiosities.
MONDAY, JULY 31,
ANOTHER GREAT COMPANY
THE GREATEST FEMALE GYMNAST IN THE WORLD,
MLLE. LA FEROL,
and the Modern Hercules, MONS. LASCELLE.
The World's Best Ventriloquist, PHIL HEATH.
FRANK GEORGE, Irish Momus.
Eugene Blitz, Punch and Judy, Charles Diamond,
Eloise Allen, Murphy and Mortimer, John Gilbert,
IN GRAND PROGRAMME.
19-1t MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager.....MR. AUGUSTIN DALY
SOTHERN AS DUNDREARY.
Every night at eight o'clock.
MR. SOTHERN'S
first appearance in two years, and elaborate revival of
OUR AMERICAN COUSIN.
MR. SOTHERN in his original creation of
LORD DUNDREARY.
Saturday at 2, SOTHERN DUNDREARY matinee. 19-1t

GILMORE'S CONCERT GARDEN.

EVERY EVENING AT 8 O'CLOCK.
MR. P. S. GILMORE,
LEVY,
AND THE FAMOUS MILITARY BAND.
Admission 50c.; boxes, four places, $3 and $4. 13-tf

WOOD'S MUSEUM. WOOD'S.

Every evening and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.
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WITH A FIRST-CLASS
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SPECIALTY ARTISTS would do well to negotiate. WILL PLAY ON PERCENTAGE.
All letters must be addressed to
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P. S.—Would like to hear from Den Thompson. 19-2t*

A CARD FROM MRS. OATES.

In justice to my late business-manager, MR. J. W. ALLINSON, it is proper that I offer the following explanation: When Mr. Allinson left this country for Europe he did so at my request and on my business, having previously closed an engagement for me, and with my knowledge and consent, with Mr. James Allison of Sydney, Australia, to appear in that country the ensuing Fall season. Subsequent developments after my arrival in San Francisco convinced me of the impolicy of fulfilling this engagement, entered into under a misapprehension (not to say misrepresentation) of the facts, and I determined to abrogate it, which I did, compensating Mr. James Allinson therefor. Receiving a very flattering offer from Mr. Thomas Maguire, I was only too glad to accept it, and thus rid myself of the cares of management in these unpropitious times. This change naturally resulted in the displacement of my then business-manager, Mr. J. W. Allinson, but I am happy to announce that I have settled with him amicably, and it affords me pleasure to testify my esteem for him as a gentleman and a manager, who was ever alive to my best interests, and whom I shall be glad to see here-after—I shall always be glad to hear of.
Respectfully, MRS. JAS. A. OATES.
Chicago, June 19, 1876. 19-1t

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ARTISTS wanted for Tony Denier's Pantomime Troupe for San Francisco. COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN. 19-1t*

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OVER 3,000 PERSONS,
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During the season just ending the following distinguished artists and combinations have appeared:
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to whom the manager most respectfully refers all
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COMBINATIONS, MANAGERS
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I am now prepared to fill time for season of 1876-77 at the following places:
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A No. 1 Lady Vocalist and Pianist for long engagement. Only a first-class singer, who can read music at sight, need apply. Address
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JAMES VINCENT, COMEDIAN AND STAGE-MANAGER,
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Engaged for ensuing season at
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Wanted, first-class talent in all branches of the variety profession. 19-1t*

MR. GEO. A. BEANE

would inform the public that the Miss Fanny Bean mentioned in THE CLIPPER of July 29 as having been evicted from premises in Philadelphia is not MISS FANNIE BEANE, the young actress who has just closed a most successful season at Indianapolis. That young lady is now the possessor of two new plays, written expressly for her, entitled, respectively, LOST AND FOUND and NOT SO FAST. In the latter she will introduce eight specialties, including her unapproachable SONGS-AND-DANCES, in which she challenges the world to produce her equal. Present address, Capital House, Indianapolis, Ind. 19-1t*

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A CELEBRATED
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Also,
A VERY BEAUTIFUL CIRCASSIAN LADY,
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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

CARD.

A scurrilous article reflecting on my management this season appeared in a weekly newspaper published in St. John, and, condensed for a purpose, was copied into the dramatic summary of a New York paper and in a Boston paper. The article in question, as published in St. John, was written by an individual who is not in any way connected with the respectable newspapers, but is a druggist; and because I did not advertise in the paper and would not allow the writer to deadhead into the theatre, I became a good subject for his assault. As neither the proprietor of the paper nor the "lean and famished apothecary" enjoys a very enviable reputation for fair dealing in St. John, their abuse was only laughed at by the public; but when I notice respectable papers in New York and Boston being made the medium of their spite, it is time I placed myself in a position to preserve my good name with my friends in the profession, who perhaps may feel inclined to believe the false statement as published. The following letter will explain itself, and is, I think, a complete vindication of my management in St. John this season, and is an authority that even the foul slanderers cannot gainsay.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM NANNARY.

Halifax, N. S., July 22.

St. John, N. B., July 18, 1876.

WILLIAM NANNARY, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR: I think it may be safely stated that your theatrical season in St. John, recently closed, was a success both artistically and financially. I judge of its financial success from the many large audiences that from week to week assembled in the Academy under your management, and from the prompt manner you fulfilled your obligations with us. As a statement has been published abroad that your theatrical season in St. John this year proved a complete failure, I deem it a duty to you and the many accomplished artists in your company to give it an emphatic denial.

Yours truly,
ALLAN M. RING,
19-1t President of St. John Academy of Music.

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J. C. (PATTIE) STEWART.....Sole Proprietor
Novelty theatre. Open all the year round. Specialty artists wanted at all times. 19-1t*

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Having just closed my engagement with
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I am ready to engage for the Fall and Winter with a first-class hall show. I know all parts of the country, and can respectfully refer to managers of standard companies that I have traveled with. Salary moderate. Address Rushville, Rush Co., Ind. 19-1t*

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TO THE PROFESSION.
I HAVE LEASED THE HOLLIDAY-ST. THEATRE to MR. W. J. GILMORE, late of Philadelphia, who will open it as a first-class NOVELTY THEATRE on or about Sept. 18. Sensation Stars and first-class Specialty artists, desirous of visiting Baltimore the coming season, will do well to address Mr. Gilmore immediately.
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1 canvas, 25x35ft., or 35x50ft.; one organ, in good order; 1 Circassian painting; baby family painting; 1 snake painting; 1 fire-king or magician painting. Anyone having the above property, or any part of it, can sell to good advantage by addressing HARRY T. FOXWELL,
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BARITONE, TROMBONE,
SECOND VIOLIN, AND
WOOD AND STRAW SOLOIST,
is open for an engagement for the coming season.
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AND GOOD AT THE DUTCH BIZ,
would like to join a first-class minstrel troupe. Address F. H. P., Box 380, Millbury, Mass. 19-1t*

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DRAMATIC STARS AND FIRST-CLASS VARIETY ARTIST WANTED.
Rehearsal called Tuesday, Aug. 15. 18-2t

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MADISON, IND.
WANTED, ATTRACTIONS AT ALL TIMES.
SKETCH ARTISTS and two or three doing SPECIALTIES preferred.
NO GYMNASTS.
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first old women and heavies, at liberty for season of 1876-7. Address 38 Warrenton street, Boston, Mass., or COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN. 18-4t*

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ALTOONA, PA.
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REPAINTED, DECORATED,
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new frame, new scenery, brilliantly lighted with gas; making it now one of the most attractive halls in the State. Seating capacity, 1,700. Population, 17,000. For particulars and terms address JOSEPH WATSON, proprietor, Altoona, Pa. 18-4t

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JOSEPH PROCTOR,
BEACH BOWER,
MANCHESTER, MASS. 18-4t*

TO MANAGERS AND ACTORS.
An unprincipled individual named L. Martin, while acting as prompter of McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, appropriated a copy of my manuscript of "Joi. Sellers," and has since offered it for sale through the medium of another party. This is to warn members of the profession from purchasing the manuscript, and managers from producing it, as a performance of the play will cause those interested to be prosecuted according to law.

I take this opportunity to thank those brother artists who generously notified me of the intentions of this unworthy person.
JOHN T. RAYMOND.
San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1876. 18-3t

JEPPE AND FANNY DELANO,
DUOLOGUE AND SKETCH ARTISTS.
Address care of CLIPPER office. 18-4t*

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YONKERS, N. Y.—This new and elegant hall, just completed, well ventilated; complete set of scenery; practical gas, lit by electricity; stage, 42x38; large and commodious dressing-rooms; seating capacity, 1,000; population, 20,000. For terms apply to W. F. WASHBURN
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R. P. FARREN, SCENIC ARTIST, at present with Wm. Nannary's Company at St. John, N. B., is prepared to engage for next season.
12-13t* Address Academy of Music, St. John, N. B

LIFTING-MACHINES, LUNG-TESTERS, and STRIKING-MACHINES. The best and most perfect Machines; solid brass, with silver-plated trimmings, finished in the best manner, and perfect in every respect. Prices reduced. Send stamp for descriptive price-list. E. G. SMITH,
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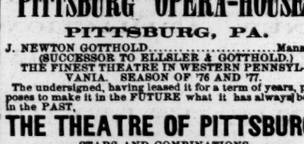

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